The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR

Centre county will most likely favor prohibition but it does not go in for hanging.

Vice President Morton says he is not in the soft coal syndicate mentioned of elsewhere and knows nothing about it.

The liquor dealers of Easton are displeased because of a court decision affecting their license and some of them have gone out of business.

Allison has declined the treasury portfolio. Let Harrison call Col. James Milliken, of Bellefonte, Centre county, Pa., next. The Colonel has no presidential aspirations just yet.

The managers of the dressed beef bill made a poor showing before the committee which considered and finally condemned that measure, and it was expected that the bill would be negatively returned to the house.—*Patriot.*

President Cleveland will return to the state of New York to reside on the expiration of his term of office, and will, on March 5, resume the practice of his profession in New York city, having associated himself with the law firm of Bangs, Stetson, Tracy & MacVeagh.

The Lycoming contested judgship is dragging along. All the ballot-boxes used in the late election have now been gathered and locked in a cell in the County Jail. The case is likely to be long drawn out, as all the votes are to be recounted and many witnesses from all parts of the county examined.

President Cleveland is still calmly pursuing the conscientious policy of vetoing all non-meritorious private pension bills. He is consistent to the last, says the Chicago *Times*. Now what will Harrison do? Judging from the abuse heaped upon Cleveland during the Campaign for vetoing the fraudulent pensions we must take it for granted Harrison will sign all such.

The supreme court of Pennsylvania has reversed the decision of the Dauphin court in the case of the Commonwealth against the Delaware and Hudson Canal company and a half dozen other corporations in an appeal from the payment of state tax. The taxes claimed by the state from those corporations amount to over $300,000 and they will now be compelled to pay that sum into the state treasury.

A compromise has been reached as to the admission of new States, which makes it probable the Springer bill will pass both houses. Mr. Springer has agreed that New Mexico shall be stricken from the bill, and that the two Dakotas shall be admitted as States upon executive proclamation without further appeal to congress, provided that the Territory as a whole shall vote for a division, and that Washington and Montana Territories shall also be admitted on executive proclamation.

Scarce a legislature but what some idiotic legislation is proposed by some crank.

The idiotic bills of the present session are the School house flag bill, the bill for a tax of 25 cents per day for employing an unnaturalized foreigner, and the double pincher beef bill.

Last session had an idiotic proposition to appropriate $5,000 out of the state treasury for the pic-nic ground of the Cumberland Valley railroad, at Williamsgrove.

Robert Gibson, a miserly farmer living in Crawford county, a few days ago placed $5,000 in a coffee pot and buried the coffee pot in a barrel of onions in his cellar, a few nights ago, at night some one broke into the cellar and carried off the barrel of onions, money and all. Gibson is reported as having gone insane over his loss.

Was it the smell of the onions or the scent of the stamps that attracted the thief?

Some of our Republican contemporaries are agitated because President Cleveland is laying all information relating to Samoan affairs before congress and asking the legislative representatives of the people what they want to do about it. They are probably alarmed lest the Republican representatives will back down and take water, as they did in the case of Canadian retaliation. The dignified position of the president in these matters is in strong contrast to the alternating buncombe and cowardice of the Republicans. The constitution does not give the president the power to declare war or provide war measures.

HARRISON'S PLANS UPSET.

HIS CABINET TO BE RECONSTRUCTED NOW THAT ALLISON IS OUT.

It looks as though Gen. Harrison's Cabinet had been smashed even before it was completed. Allison has refused to go into it, and Allison was to that Cabinet like a stone to an arch. The whole combination had been built to fit the Senator from Iowa, and his declination changes all the circumstances that have controlled the choice of the other men so far as they have been chosen, and there is every reason to suppose that practically the whole Cabinet had been selected, and that up to last night Gen. Harrison really thought that his worry over it was ended. It was nearly midnight when he was informed that Senator Allison had declined the Treasury Department, the news coming to him from information received by one of the newspaper men. Only a few hours before he had expressed to different friends his confidence that, in spite of the dubious reports from Washington, Senator Allison would accept the portfolio. Although Allison would not give a positive answer when he was there on Monday, the understanding on Gen. Harrison's part when he left was that he would accept. Gen. Harrison told this the same afternoon to a few friends and expressed his gratification and relief at what he considered to be the end of worry about the Cabinet. To-day he has maintained his policy of silence, but from his friends it is learned that Allison's action has been a hard blow to him and from an unexpected quarter. John C. New says that Gen. Harrison "is in hot water." Judge Woods expresses the situation by saying that "all plans as to the Cabinet are badly disarranged."

The expressions of opinion as to Senator Allison's action are more piquant and not entirely complimentary to the Senator from Iowa. Gen. Harrison's friends declare that the trouble is that Allison is suffering from an aggravated case of enlargement of the cranium, arising from the presence of a Presidential bee in his bonnet, and that he has gone back on Gen. Harrison because he feared that to ally himself so closely with the administration might bind him in the public mind to the fortunes of his chief and prevent him from doing anything to help himself get the Presidential nomination in 1892. Gen. Harrison's friends, while they admit that Senator Allison is a big enough man to be wanted very badly for the Cabinet, declare that he is overestimating himself when he counts upon being a sure successor to Gen. Harrison.

OPINION OF A GERMAN NEWSPAPER.

The Cologne Gazette says: "Germany must restore her authority in Samoa, which was grievously shaken by events of December, and must make an example of the misdoers. The military side of procedure is determined upon to be masterable as it can only occasion the complications with America if her congress desires to stay the hand of Germany and officially support Mataafa's band. On the other hand the diplomatic side of the question does not bear complexion of war fury. In the nineteenth century no battle will be fought over Samoa Germany's proposals for a settlement of the difficulty, now on their way to Washington, will convince Americans of Germany's endeavor to deal justly with all duly established interests."

The movement in the Minnesota legislature to appropriate $100,000 for the purchase of seed wheat for farmers this spring gives a glimpse of suffering in that State. There is reason to believe that the situation is much worse in some parts of Dakota. The inquiries made by relieving committees have brought out the fact that the wheat harvest on many farms was a complete failure, and the reports from warehouses show that a considerable part of what was harvested is good for so little as to have been scarcely worth the trouble of cutting and sending to market. The moral of all this, and we especially commend it to Pennsylvania farmers and farmers' boys, is to steer clear of the far Northwest. It will do well enough for Canadians, New Englanders, Swedes and Norwegians, but a Pennsylvania farmer has no business there, unless he considers himself sharp enough to dicker with the natives on real estate, which he is not, by long odds.

KICKED OUT.

The Ohio State senate kicked out the beef inspection bill because it stank with corruption, just like the suspicions hanging over a like job in this state.

The bill gained considerable celebrity last winter on account of the charges made against certain members of the senate to the effect that they had solicited a bribe from Chicago parties in connection with the defeat of the bill. It was defeated by a vote of 19 to 9.

A BIG COKE SYNDICATE.

An important soft coal syndicate was organized in Philadelphia, on Monday, the operations of which cannot fail to have a more important bearing on the development of the rich coal lands centering about the new towns of Frugality and Hastings, in Cambria county. The syndicate classes among its leading members Vice President Levi P. Morton Governor James A. Beaver, Adjutant General Hastings and First Vice President Frank C. Thompson, of the Pennsylvania Road. It is understood that Hon. John Dean, of Blair county court, has large interests in the Frugality territory and in this latest combination of capital.

There is a statement afloat that the articles of incorporation, to be taken out at the state department, will be signed for $5,000,000. The investment is now worked under stock payments placed at $1,000,000. The plans of the syndicate call for the establishment of a series of coke ovens similar to the nests or plants in the Connellsville country, and and the production will come in direct competition with the coke output in Western Pennsylvania. The heavy purchase of nearly 2,700 acres by Horotio G. Fisher, near Punxsutawney and along the Mahoning creek last week for $169,000, is a separate movement in coke circles, but it is a part of the scheme to bring about a heavy competitive field along the Clearfield and Jefferson and the Cresson and Coalport Railroad.

Several years ago Dr. Anna Kingsford delivered a series of lectures on religion before a private audience in London which were afterwards published in book form under the title "The Perfect Way." In these quite remarkable discourses she steadily enlarged on the harmonious fusion of the masculine and feminine element to constitute a perfect humanity, defining in a spiritual sense the masculine element as the Intellect and the feminine as the Intuition and predicting that through this feminine element man's spiritual redemption would be accomplished. She maintained that St. Paul exchanged the spirit of the Kabbala for that of the Talmud in dealing with women. The Talmud appoints (she says) to every pious Jew as a daily prayer these words: "Blessed art thou, O Lord, that thou hast not made me a Gentile, an idiot or a woman." She condemns Philo for deprecating woman, and refers to Aristotle as regarding woman as something maimed and imperfect, and Plato as holding that only those who have previously disgraced themselves as men become re-incarnated as animals and women. The Fathers of the church also depreciated women whilst in Islamism women were denied the possession of a soul. Mrs. Kingsford's book which is a novel and pantheistic exposition of spiritual matters is a vigorous effort to take away the stigma from the sex, although she quite frankly says: there are very few women who deserve to be women," which if true would account for masculine observations on this subject.

Of the sixty-four counties of this State, says the Press, which in 1873 voted on the license question in accordance with the Local Option law of that year twenty four were for licenses and forty against it. Eighteen of the twenty four license counties were Democratic and six Republican, while of the counties that refused license twenty five were Republican and fifteen Democratic. Philadelphia did not vote; Potter County had previously rejected license and Lackawanna had not been organized. A territorial analysis shows that Allegheny, Cambria and Elk were the only counties West of the mountains that went against Prohibition, while in the East those which went for it were the exception. The vote was extremely light in most of the counties, although there was decided public interest in the question and more or less excitement throughout the campaign. The Democrats carried the State the following year, but no one thought of attributing the result to the temperance movement. The Local Option law was repealed by the Legislature of 1875, which had a Democratic majority in the House and a Republican majority in the Senate, and the repeal was approved by a Republican governor, who was re elected that same year.

We have not seen any of the county blanks, printed by the lying Gazette, last year, but hear frequent mention made at Bellefonte, that they are done on mean paper. The price paid is dishonestly extravagant and common decency should, at least, have induced the printer to put out a decent job for the double pay he got.

Out of 30,000 mine laborers in the Luzerne district only 9,000 obtained steady work during January. The falling off of wages as compared with the same month last year is $97,235. The outlook for February is still worse. Business of all kinds is greatly depressed.

ORPHAN SCHOOLS.

C. C. Kauffman, the young Republican of Lancaster, has decided to turn his reform guns upon the whole system, and he promises to lay bare some startling irregularities. His resolution asking for the appointment of a committee of five ex-soldiers, members of the house, to which should be referred the bill providing for extending the time for closing the schools, was satisfied to day by the appointment of the following committee: Messrs. Stewart, of Philadelphia; Billingsley, of Washington; Evans, of Chester; Bean, of Montgomery, and Skinner, of Fulton. This committee Mr. Kauffman proposes to assist in exposing the management of the schools, and if they cannot take the management entirely out of the hands of the syndicate they will prepare a bill which will be indorsed at the G. A. R. encampment at Erie next week. The senate bill will be condemned at the encampment. The new bill will provide for abolishing one of the schools each year, as the inmates reach the age of sixteen, until all are discharged, and all the schools closed. Mr. Kauffman argues that in 1895 but one building will be necessary for those under the age of sixteen. His bill will further provide for the educa ion of a number in the normal schools of the State. He is strongly in favor of educating the orphan children, but is fully determined to get them out of the hands of the syndicate as soon as possible.

Seven years ago Harry Ingram, a printer, left his wife and three children in Harrisburg and departed for the East in search of work. Mrs. Ingram did needle work to support herself and children, but she was able to provide only scantily the necessaries of life. Three years after her husband's departure Mrs. Ingram heard that he had died in New York, the result of dissipation, and she married James Hurst, a hard working mechanic. There were two children born in the Hurst family, and Mr. Hurst was a kind father to all of the children in the house. A few days ago Ingram returned to the city. He was a tramp, and was dirty and ragged. He went to his wife's home and intended to make it his headquarters, but was turned out and forbidden to enter. This made him angry, and he threatened to prosecute his wife and take his children away. Mrs. Hurst fears that he will carry out his threat.

Maj. Powell, Director of U. S. Geological Survey, last Wednesday explained to the House Committee on Territories his plan for the reclamation of arid lands of the West by irrigation. He illustrated by means of a map the location of the proposed reservoirs, dams and canals in the James River, New Mexico, and said he thought the reservoirs could be constructed for $450,000, whereby 155,000, acres of land could be reclaimed. Maj. Powell said that between 90,000,000 and 100,000,000 acres of arid land in the West could be reclaimed by irrigation. After the works had been constructed and were in operation he estimated that the annual cost to the farmer of irrigating his land would be from $1 to $2 per acre.

The liquor men at Wilkesbarre have taken a new departure. Ten of the most prominent liquor dealers have concluded not to pay the $500 license fee this year. They will abandon the business and engage in a manufacturing enterprise, subscribing $1,000 each, representing the amounts paid by them for license and rents. Instead of living in hotels they will rent dwellings in the suburbs and devote their entire attention to industrial pursuits. The uncertainties of the trade, combined with high rents and high license, impel them to the change. It is said a ma jority of the saloon men will withdraw and announce their intention of going into other business. Many of them have already declared that they will vote for the constitutional amendment next June.

A bill has been reported in the House, at Harrisburg, apportioning the State into Senatorial districts. This bill failed to pass the last Legislature. Clearfield, Centre and Clinton, under the present apportionment, makes the XXXIV district now represented by Mr. Betts. Under the new assignment Clearfield and Clinton make the XXXII district, while Centre is hitched on with Huntingdon and designated as the XXIX district.

This would put Centre in a mighty close district and make it risky for Democrats to play possum with their own nominees, as has been done of late years by some.

West Virginia is still balloting for a U. S. Senator.

The street car strike in New York is over, and the cars running without the aid of the strikers.

Bismark's back-down has silenced the Philad. *Press*, and it has kinder backed down too in its unfair criticism of the administration on the Samoan affair, and is silently eating crow now.

SHERMAN VS. ALGER.

And now it is reported that Senator John Sherman is opposed to the selection of General Russell Alger as a cabinet officer and the story goes that the Ohio senator has notified the president elect that if Alger is appointed he (Sherman) will do his best to defeat his confirmation by the senate.

"It is known," says a dispatch from Washington, "that Sherman has been very bitter against Alger ever since the Chicago convention, and he has frequently asserted that but for the corrupt use of Alger's money on the delegates at Chicago he (Sherman) would have been nominated."

The refusal of senator Allison, of Iowa, to accept a cabinet position under the new administration, as Secretary of the Treasury, has disturbed the cabinet arrangement of president elect Harrison, and caused much uneasiness and speculation among Republicans as to what it will result in.

Senator Allison is one of the solid statesmen of the Republican party and of high standing. He was thought of for presidenty when Harrison was nominated, and many eyes are upon him for 1892—also Mr. Allison's.

To have Mr. Allison in the cabinet would wipe out his prospects for the nomination four years hence, which would suit Mr. Harrison, who is anxious to be his own successor, as well as other leading Republicans who are fixing their political toilett to win the nomination in 1892.

Mr. Allison is shrewd enough to see this, and is willing to forego the honors of a cabinet position and will keep his seat in the senate and be responsible for no blunders that may fall to the lot of the incoming administration, to weaken his prospects hereafter.

Germany has backed down from her Samoan business, and has telegraphed to her naval commanders at Samoa to let foreign subjects alone, and does not approve of any outrages committed by her agents upon Americans or Englishmen.

This is the best thing Bismark could do and shows that he realized that the administration at Washington meant business and was ready to protect the rights of American citizens in Samoa. There will be no war—no powder burnt and no beer spilled uselessly. Bismark will set 'em up in due time, and bumpers will be drank to the American flag, in which der deutsche Michael, John Bull and Uncle Sam will participate.

Germany's back down has pulled the props from under the unfair critics of the administration.

All the talk and bluster about Secretary Bayard's lack of firmness in defending American rights in Samoa ends in an apology by Bismark. Mr. Bayard was talking American to the German chancellor in the most vigorous and dignified tone all the time the buncombe statesmen were frothing at the mouth and baying the moon. It is fortunate Mr. Bayard is secretary of state, instead of any one of the ranting patricts by the chin only.

Cleveland and Bayard after all knew what they were about.

Gov. Beaver and wife were down at Annapolis, last week, eating royal dinners at the mansion of Gov. Jackson, and fresh oysters dripping wet from the bay. Gov. Jackson entertains his guests in princely style, and proved his noble qualities. One would have thought, judging from some of Gov. Beaver's bloody shirt speeches, in last campaign, that he would not dine at the table of a southern governor; but a royal dinner, delicious oysters and splended hospitality, may give Gov. Beaver other ideas to come home with.

A feature of the new revenue bill is that it taxes express companies. This is aimed directly at the Adams express company, which has never paid a cent of tax on its business in Pennsylvania, evading payment by claiming that it is a rm and not a corporation. The state financial officers have been looking the matter up, and have found sufficient evidence to convince them that the company is taxable.

The investigation of the bribery business in the West Virginia legislature establishes the fact that one of the men who approached Representative Shelton with an offer of $1,000 cash and a $1,000 office, conditioned he would desert the Democratic party and unite with the Republicans on the election of United States senator, was a relative of General Goff, the Republican candidate for governor.

Why not give the English mission to Col. Milliken, of Bellefonte? He has the wealth and culture suited for the court of St. James.

There are lots of fellows can tell one how to run a newspaper yet can't run their own business worth a cent.

THE NEW REVENUE BILL.

The new State Revenue bill, now in the hands of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, appears to have been constructed with an intention that it shall be effective. It taxes at the rate of three mills on the dollar all mortgages and money owing by solvent debtors; all articles of agreement and accounts bearing interest; all loans except State and national; all loans issued by shares of stock in any corporation, association or limited partnership, including car trust securities, and loans secured by bonds or any other form of certificate or evidence of indebtedness; all moneys loaned or invested in other states or foreign countries; and all other moneyed capital in the hands of individual citizens. Building and loan associations are excepted. Interest in limited partnerships or joint stock associations shall be deemed capital stock and taxed accordingly. A gross receipt tax of eight mills is imposed on the business of carrying companies within the State.

Provision for the assessment and collection of the revenue is very stringent, experience having shown that heretofore a great deal of money at interest in particular has escaped payment of tax. It is made the duty of the recorder of deeds to make a report each month to the county commissioners of all mortgages and agreements, the amounts involved and such other data as will furnish sufficient information for the assessment. A similar report is required from the prothonotary regarding judgement and other instruments securing a debt. One third the amount of all personal property tax is to go to the country.

These are but the general features of the measure, which is to act as a supplement to the law of 1878.

SUPREME COURT DECISIONS.

The supreme court in revising a number of loan tax cases appealed from the Dauphin county common pleas, and entering judgment in favor of the commonwealth, the following were among the number: Commonwealth vs Bell's Gap Railroad company, for $666.60, with interest at 12 per cent. per annum, from February 5, 1888, and costs. Commonwealth vs Bellefonte, Nittany and Lemont Railroad, for $326.70, with interest at 12 per cent., from June 27, 1887.

THE MEANEST HUSBANDS ON EARTH.

There is only one meaner class of men living than those who deliberately desert their wives and children and leave them dependent upon public or private charity. The class we except are the worthless, dissipated, lazy scoundrels who remain at home and compel their wives to support them.

The Republicans of the senate in passing the prohibition amendment submission resolution, declined to state whether they were for or against prohibition. This is the old game of cheatery. Pass the resolution to bag the prohibitionists. Defeat it to curry favor with the liquor interest.

Rudolph, the Crown prince of Austria, was either murdered or committed suicide. He was found to have illicit intercourse with a princess of high family in the empire. The princess poisoned herself.

A bill has been introduced in the legislature to prevent treating—fine $50 and $100, also one to prevent killing of deer for three years. The act for the election of assessors for three years, passed finally.

It is rumored from Indianapolis that Blain had declined the premiership, and Windom would be appointed to the treasury department.

The state prohibition convention at Harrisburg on Tuerday was not very harmonious.

Buffalo had a two million dollar fire the other day.

AN INQUIRY FOR DAVID KELLER.

Philad. Times.

Can any of your readers give me any information as to the whereabouts of one David Keller or his heirs. He was commonly called "Dave" Keller and lived at Centreville, Pa., or Centreville, Va., or possibly Centre county, Pa., about 1845 or 1850. He was the owner of a woolen factory and would probably be between 80 and 100 years old, if alive. If Mr. Keller or any of his heirs will communicate with me they will hear something to their advantage.

W. E THOMAS.

Portland, Oregon, Jan. 30, 1889.

—The farm near Springbank, Miles township, owned by Simon Harper, of this town, was sold to Jacob Shultz for $4200.

— The Reformed congregation of Millheim, will hold a musical convention, March 4, Prof. W. T. Meyer as conductor.

—There will be a musical convention held in Jacksonville, begining Feb. 18, and closing with a grand concert Feb. 24; conducted by Joseph Herb, of Boonville, Pa.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON:

The March Homeward.

"Pursue; for thou shalt surely overtake them, and without fail recover all."—1 Sam. 30 : 8.

THERE is intense excitement in the village of Ziklag. David and his men are bidding good-bye to their families, and are off for the wars. In that little village of Ziklag the defenceless ones will be left until the warriors, flushed with victory, come home. But will the defenceless ones be safe? The soft arms of children are around the necks of the bronzed warriors, until they shake themselves free and start, and handkerchiefs and flags are waved, and kisses thrown, until the armed men vanish beyond the hills. David and his men soon get

THROUGH WITH THEIR CAMPAIGN,

and start homeward. Every night on their way home, no sooner does the soldier put his head on the knapsack, than in his dream he hears the welcome of the wife, and the shout of the child. Oh, what long stories they will have to tell their families, of how they dodged the battle-axe! and then will roll up their sleeve and show the half-healed wound. With glad, quick step they march on, David and his men, for they are marching home. Now they come up to the last hill which overlooks Ziklag, and they expect in a moment to see the dwelling places of their loved ones. They look, and as they look their cheeks turn pale, and their lip quivers, and their hand involuntarily comes down on the hilt of the sword. "Where is Ziklag? Where are our homes?" they cry. Alas! the curling smoke above the ruin tells the tragedy. The Amalekites have come down and consumed the village, and carried the mothers and the wives and the children of David and his men into captivity. The swarthy warriors stand for a few moments transfixed with horror. Then their eyes glance to each other, and they burst into uncontrollable weeping; for when

A STRONG WARRIOR WEEPS,

the grief is appalling. It seems as if the emotion might tear him to pieces. They "wept until they had no more power to weep." But soon their sorrow turns into rage, and David inquires of the Lord what he shall do, and receives the reply: "Pursue: for thou shalt overtake them, and, without fail, recover all." He swings his sword high in air, and the march becomes a "double-quick." Two hundred of David's men stop by the brook Besor, faint with fatigue and grief. They cannot go a step farther. They are left there; but the other four hundred men under David, with a sort of panther step march on in sorrow and in rage. They find by the side of the road a half-dead Egyptian, and they resuscitate him, and compel him to tell the whole story. He says: "Yonder they went, the captors and the captives," pointing in the direction. Forward, ye four hundred brave men!

Very soon David and his enraged company come upon the Amalekitish host. Yonder they see their own wives and children and mothers, under an Amalekitish guard. Here are the officers of the Amalekitish army holding a banquet. The cups are full, the music is roused, the dance begins. The Amalekitish host cheer and cheer and cheer over their victory. But without note of bugle or warning of trumpet David and his four hundred men burst upon the scene, suddenly as Robert Bruce hurled his Scotchmen upon the revelers at Bannockburn. David and his men look up; seeing their loved ones in captivity, under Amalekitish guard, throws them into a very fury of determination—for you know how men will fight when they fight for their wives and children. Ah, there are lightnings in their eye, and every finger is a spear, and their voice is like the shout of the whirlwind. Amidst the upset tankards and the costly viands crushed under foot, the wounded Amalekites lie (their blood mingling with their wine) shrieking for mercy. No sooner do

DAVID AND HIS MEN WIN

the victory, than they throw their swords down into the dust—what do they want with swords now?—and the broken families come together amidst a great shout of joy that makes the parting scene in Ziklag seem very insipid in the comparison. The rough old warrior has to use some persuasion before he can get his child to come to him now, after so long an absence; but soon the little finger traces the familiar wrinkle across the scarred face. And then the empty tankards are set up, and they are filled with the best wine from the hill, and David and his men, the husbands, the wives, the brothers, the sisters, drink to the overthrow of the Amalekites, and to the rebuilding of Ziklag. So, O Lord, let thine enemies perish!

Now they are coming home—David and his men and their families—

A LONG PROCESSION,

men, women, and children, loaded with jewels and robes and with all kinds of trophies that the Amalekites had gathered up in years of conquest—everything now in the hands of David and his men. When they come by the brook Besor, the place where stayed the men sick and incompetent to travel, the jewels and the robes and all kinds of treasures are divided among the sick as well as among the well. Surely, the lame and exhausted ought to have some of the treasures. Here is a robe for this pale-faced warrior. Here is a pillow for this dying man. Here is a handful of gold for the wasted trumpeter. I really think that these men who fainted by the brook Besor may have endured as much as those men who went into battle. Some mean fellows objected to the sick ones having any of the spoils. The objectors said: "These men did not fight." David, with a magnanimous heart, replies: "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

This subject is practically suggestive to me. Thank God, in these times a man can go off on a journey, and be gone weeks and months, and come back and see his house untouched of incendiary, and have his family on the step to greet him, if by telegram he has foretold the moment of his coming. But there are Amalekitish disasters, and there are

AMALEKITISH DISEASES,

that sometimes come down upon one's home, making as devastating work as the day when Ziklag took fire. There are families in my congregation whose homes have been broken up. No battering-ram smote in the door, no iconoclast crumbled the statues, no flame leaped amidst the curtains; but so far as all the joy and merriment that once belonged to that house are concerned, the home has departed. Armed diseases came down upon the quietness of the scene—scarlet fevers, or pleurisies, or consumptions, or undefined disorders came and seized upon some members of that family, and carried them away. Ziklag in ashes! And you go about, sometimes weeping, and sometimes enraged, wanting to get back your loved ones as much as David and his men wanted to reconstruct their despoiled households. Ziklag in ashes!

Some of you went off from home. You counted the days of your absence. Every day seemed as long as a week. Oh, how glad you were when the time came for you to go aboard the steamboat or rail-car and start for home! You arrived. You went up the street where your dwelling was, and in the night you put your hand on the door-bell, and, behold! it was wrapped with the signal of bereavement, and you found that Amalekitish Death, which has devastated a thousand other households, had blasted yours. You go about weeping amidst the desolation of your once happy home, thinking of the bright eyes closed, and the noble hearts stopped, and the gentle hands folded, and you weep until you have no more power to weep. Ziklag in ashes!

A gentleman went to a friend of mine in the city of Washington, and asked that through him he might get a consulship to some foreign port. My friend said to him: "What do you want to go away from your beautiful home for, into a foreign port?" "Oh," he replied, "my home is gone! My six children are dead! I must get away, sir. I can't stand it in this country any longer." Ziklag in ashes!

Why these long shadows of bereavement across this audience? Why is it that in almost every assemblage black is

THE PREDOMINANT COLOR

of the apparel? Is it because you do not like saffron, or brown, or velvet? Oh, no! You say: "The world is not so bright to us as it once was"; and there is a story of silent voices, and of still feet, and of loved ones gone, and when you look over the hills, expecting only beauty and loveliness, you find only devastation and woe. Ziklag in ashes!

In Ulster County, New York, the village church was decorated until the fragrance of the flowers was almost bewildering. The maidens of the village had emptied the place of flowers upon one marriage altar. One of their own number was affianced to a minister of Christ, who had come to take her to his home. With hands joined, amidst a congratulatory audience, the vows were taken. In three days from that time one of those who stood at the altar exchanged earth for heaven. The wedding march broke down into the funeral dirge. There were not enough flowers now for the coffin lid, because they had all been taken for the bridal hour.

THE DEAD MINISTER

of Christ is brought to another village. He had gone out from them less than a week before in his strength; now he comes home lifeless. The whole church bewailed him. The solemn procession moved around to look upon the still face that once had beamed with messages of salvation. Little children were lifted up to look at him. And some of those whom he had comforted in days of sorrow, when they passed that silent form, made the place dreadful with their weeping. Another village emptied of its flowers—some of them put in the shape of a cross to symbolize his hope, others put in the shape of a crown to symbolize his triumph. A hundred lights blown out in one strong gust from the door of a sepulchre! Ziklag in ashes!

I preach this sermon to-day because I want to rally you as David rallied his men, for

THE RECOVERY OF THE LOVED

and the lost. I want not only to win heaven, but I want all this congregation to go along with me. I feel that somehow I have a responsibility in your arriving at that great city. I have on other Sabbaths used other inducements. I mean to-day, for the sake of variety, hoping to reach your heart, to try another kind of inducement. Do you really want to join the companionship of your loved ones who have gone? Are you as anxious to join them as David and his men were to join their families? Then I am here, in the name of God, to say that you may, and to tell you how.

I remark, in the first place, if you want to join your loved ones in glory you

MUST TRAVEL THE SAME WAY

they went. No sooner had the half-dead Egyptian been resuscitated than he pointed the way the captors and the captives had gone, and David and his men followed after. So our Christian friends have gone into another country, and if we want to reach their companionship we must take the same road. They repented; we must repent. They prayed; we must pray. They trusted in Christ; we must trust in Christ. They lived a religious life; we must live a religious life. They were in some things like ourselves, I know, now that they are gone, there is a halo around their names; but they had their faults. They said and did things they ought never to have said or done. They were sometimes rebellious, sometimes cast down. They were far from being perfect. So I suppose that when we have gone, some things in us that are now only tolerable may be almost resplendent. But as they were like us in deficiencies, we ought to be like them in taking a supernal Christ to make up for the deficits. Had it not been for Jesus, they would have all perished; but Christ confronted them, and said, "I am the way," and they took it.

I have also to say to you that the path that these captives trod was

A TROUBLED PATH,

and that David and his men had to go over the same difficult way. While these captives were being taken off, they said: "Oh, we are so tired; we are so sick; we are so hungry!" But the men who had charge of them said: "Stop this crying. Go on!" David and his men also found it a hard way. They had to travel it. Our friends have gone into glory, and it is through much tribulation that we are to enter into the kingdom. How our loved ones used to have to struggle! how their old hearts ached! how sometimes they had a tussle for bread! In our childhood we wondered why there were so many wrinkles on their faces. We did not know that what were called "crow's feet" on their faces were the marks of the raven of trouble.

Did you never hear the old people, seated by the evening stand, talk over their early trials, their hardships, the accidents, the burials, the disappointments, the empty flour-barrel when there were so many hungry ones to feed, the sickness almost unto death, where the next dose of morphine decided between ghastly bereavement and an unbroken home-circle? Oh, yes! it was trouble that whitened their hair. It was trouble that shook the cup in their hands. It was trouble that washed the lustre from their eyes with the rain of tears until they needed spectacles. It was trouble that made the cane a necessity of their journey. Do you never remember seeing your old mother sitting, on some rainy day, looking out of the window, her elbow on the window-sill, her hand to her brow—looking out, not seeing the falling shower at all (you well know she was looking into the distant past), until the apron came up to her eyes, because the memory was too much for her?

"Oft the big, unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak.

"But this scene of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again."

"Who are these under the altar?" the question was asked; and the response came: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Our friends went by a path of tears into glory. Be not surprised if we have to travel the same pathway.

I remark again, if we want to win the society of our friends in heaven, we will not only have to travel a path of faith and a path of tribulation, but we will also

HAVE TO BATTLE

for their companionship. David and his men never wanted sharp swords and invulnerable shields and thick breastplates so much as they wanted them on the day when they came down upon the Amalekites. If they had lost that battle, they never would have got their families back. I suppose one glance at their loved ones in captivity hurled them into the battle with tenfold courage and energy. They said: "We must win it! Everything depends upon it! Let each one take a man on point of spear or sword! We must win it!" And I have to tell you that between us and coming into the companionship of our loved ones who are departed, there is an Austerlitz, there is a Gettysburg, there is a Waterloo. War with the world, war with the flesh, war with the devil. We have either to conquer our troubles, or our troubles will conquer us. David will either slay the Amalekites, or the Amalekites will slay David.

And yet is not the fort to be taken worth all the pain, all the peril, all the besiegement? Look! who are they on the bright hills of heaven yonder? There they are, those who sat at your own table, the chair now vacant. There they are, those whom you rocked in infancy in the cradle, or hushed to sleep in your arms. There they are, those in whose life your life was bound up. There they are, their brows more radiant than ever before you saw it, their lips for the kiss of heavenly greeting, their cheek roseate with the health of eternal summer, their

HANDS BECKONING YOU

up the steep, their feet bounding with the mirth of heaven. The pallor of their last sickness gone out of their face, never more to be sick, never more to cough, never more to limp, never more to be old, never more to weep. They are watching from those heights to see if through Christ you can take that fort, and whether you will rush in upon them—victors. They know that upon this battle depends whether you will ever join their society. Up! strike harder! Charge more bravely! Remember that every inch you gain puts you so much farther on toward that heavenly reunion.

If this morning, while I speak, you could hear the cannonade of a foreign navy, coming through the "Narrows," which was to despoil our city, and if they really should succeed in carrying our families away from us, how long would we take before we resolved to go after them? Every weapon, whether fresh from Springfield, or old and rusty in the garret, would be brought out; and we would urge on, and, coming in front of the foe, we would look at them, and then look at our families, and the cry would be:

"VICTORY OR DEATH!"

and when the ammunition was gone, we would take the captors on the point of the bayonet, or under the breech of the gun. If you would make such a struggle for the getting back of your earthly friends, will you not make as much struggle for the gaining of the eternal companionship of your heavenly friends? Oh, yes! we must join them. We must sit in their holy society. We must sing with them the song. We must celebrate with them the triumph. Let it never be told on earth or in heaven that Davis and his men pushed out with braver hearts for the getting back of their earthly friends for a few years on earth than we to get our departed!

You say that all this implies that our departed Christian friends are alive. Why, had you any idea they were dead? They have only moved. If you should go on the 2d of May to a house where one of your friends lived, and found him gone, you would not think that he was dead. You would inquire next door where he had moved to. Our departed Christian friends have only taken another house. The secret is that they are richer now than they once were, and can afford a better residence. They once drank out of earthenware; they now drink from the King's chalice. "Joseph is yet alive," and Jacob will go up and see him. Living? are they? Why, if a man can live in this damp, dark dungeon of earthly captivity, can he not live where he breathes the bracing atmosphere of the mountains of heaven? Oh, yes,

THEY ARE LIVING!

Do you think that Paul is so near dead now as he was when he was living in the Roman dungeon? Do you think that Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, is as near dead now as he was when, year after year, he slept seated on the floor, his head on the bottom of a chair, because he could find ease in no other position? Do you think that Robert Hall is as near dead now as when, on his couch, he tossed in physical tortures? No. Death gave them the few black drops that cured them. That is all death does to a Christian—cure him. I know that what I have said implies that they are living. There is no question about that. The only question this morning is whether you will ever join them.

But I must not forget those two hundred men who fainted by the brook Besor. They could not take another step farther. Their feet were sore; their head ached; their entire nature was exhausted. Besides that, they were broken-hearted because their homes were gone. Ziklag in ashes! And yet David, when he comes up to them, divides the spoils among them. He says they shall have some of the jewels, some of the robes, some of the treasures. I look over this audience this morning, and I find at least two hundred who have

FAINTED BY THE BROOK

Besor—the brook of tears. You feel as if you could not take another step further, as though you could never look up again. But I am going to imitate David, and divide among you some glorious trophies. Here is a robe: "All things work together for good, to those who love God." Wrap yourself in that glorious promise. Here is for your neck a string of pearls, made out of crystallized tears: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Here is a coronet: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Oh, ye fainting ones by the brook Besor, dip your blistered feet in the running stream of God's mercy. Bathe your brows at the wells of salvation. Soothe your wounds with the balsam that exudes from the trees of life. God will not utterly cast you off, oh, broken-hearted man, oh, broken-hearted woman, fainting by the brook Besor!

A shepherd finds that his musical pipe is bruised. He says: "I can't get any more music out of this instrument; so I will just break it, and I will throw this reed away. Then I will get another reed, and I will play music on that." But God says He will not cast you off because all the music has gone out of your soul. "The bruised reed He will not break." As far as I can tell the diagnosis of your disease,

YOU WANT DIVINE NURSING,

and it is promised you: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you. God will see you all the way through, oh, troubled soul, and when you come down to the Jordan of death you will find it to be as thin a brook as Besor; for Dr. Robinson says that in April Besor dries up, and there is no brook at all. And in your last moment you will be as placid as the Kentucky minister who went up to God, saying, in the dying hour: "Write to my sister Kate, and tell her not to be worried and frightened about the story of the horrors around the deathbed. Tell her there is not a word of truth in it, for I am there now, and Jesus is with me, and I find it a happy way; not because I am a good man, for I am not; I am nothing but a poor, miserable sinner; but I have an Almighty Saviour, and both of His arms are around me."

May God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, bring us into the companionship of our loved ones who have already entered the heavenly land, and enter the presence of Christ, whom, not having seen, we love; and so David shall recover all, "and as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

A Scheme for Harbor Defense.

According to a report in some of the Philadelphia newspapers, a large company, backed by millions of dollars, has proposed to the Secretary of the Navy a striking and possibly effective scheme for the defense of that harbor and the harbors of other cities from the attacks of an enemy's fleet by shooting ignited petroleum at the unfriendly ships from the bottom of the river and burning them up. The rear admiral has been directed to study closely the harbor of Philadelphia and its approaches. The petroleum defense scheme, the originators of which have induced the government to make this preliminary examination of the Philadelphia harbor, is a brilliant one in more respects than one. A company has been organized at Washington to develop the plan and to show its practicability.

It is proposed to sink perforated iron pipes in the river bed and the approaches to the harbor, through which petroleum can be forced to the surface of the river by machinery and at a high pressure. In this way a fierce stream of blazing oil can be sent down on the enemy's fleet to destroy it or drive it away. It is claimed by the projectors that a flame can be produced in this way as high as a ship's mast, and sent with terrific force on the attacking vessels many miles from the point where the oil is supplied to the system of submerged pipes. Iron vessels could not pass through this lake of fire, because it could be made to extend many miles along the river.

Begin now and secure the seeds of your garden vegetables. Do not wait until you are ready, only to be delayed by the mails or some other cause.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 10, 1889.

The Fierce Demoniac.

LESSON TEXT.

(Mark 5 : 1-20. Memory verses, 15-20.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the Mighty Worker.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake.*—John 14 : 11.

LESSON TOPIC: *Freeing the Enslaved.*

Lesson Outline:
1. Enslaved, vs. 1-5.
2. Freed, vs. 6-14.
3. Renewed, vs. 15-20.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee.*—Mark 5 : 19.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Mark 5 : 1-20. Freeing the enslaved.
T.—Matt. 8 : 28 to 9 : 1. Matthew's parallel narrative.
W.—Luke 8 : 26-40. Luke's parallel narrative.
T.—Rom. 3 : 1-20. Enslaved by sin.
F.—Rom. 6 : 1-23. Sin's bondage broken.
S.—John 8 : 31-51. The way of deliverance.
S.—Gal. 5 : 1-26. The life of liberty.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. ENSLAVED.

I. Ruled by Demons:

A man with an unclean spirit (2).
There met him two possessed with devils (Matt. 8 : 28).
Seven other spirits....enter in and dwell there (Matt. 12 : 45).
My name is Legion; for we are many (Mark 5 : 9).
Recover themselves out of the snare of the devil (2 Tim. 2 : 26).

II. Separated from Friends:

Who had his dwelling in the tombs (3).
They that did see me without fled from me (Psa. 31 : 11).
No man careth for my soul (Psa. 142 : 4).
Depart from me, ye cursed (Matt. 25 : 41).
Who had devils;....and abode not in any house (Luke 8 : 27).

III. Injuries of Self:

He was....cutting himself with stones (5).
Deceitful men shall not live out their days (Psa. 55 : 23).
He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul (Prov. 8 : 36).
Thou hast fallen by thine iniquity (Hos. 14 : 1).
The wages of sin is death (Rom. 6 : 23).

1. "There met him....a man with an unclean spirit." (1) Jesus, the mighty Deliverer; (2) Satan, the base despoiler; (3) Man, the coveted prize.
2. "No man had strength to tame him." (1) Satanic power; (2) Human inability; (3) Divine help.
3. "Cutting himself with stones." (1) Ruled by Satan; (2) Ruined by self; (3) Rescued by Christ.

II. FREED.

I. The Liberator Recognized:

What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of....God? (7).
What have we to do with thee, thou Son of God? (Matt. 8 : 29).
I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God (Mark 1 : 24).
I have seen....that this is the Son of God (John 1 : 34).
If....the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed (John 8 : 36).

II. The Liberating Command:

Come forth, thou unclean spirit, out of the man (8).
He said unto them, Go (Matt. 8 : 32).
Hold thy peace, and come out of him (Mark 1 : 25).
Son, thy sins are forgiven (Mark 2 : 5).
In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, walk (Acts 3 : 6).

III. The Liberation Effected:

And the unclean spirits came out (13).
They came out, and went into the swine (Matt. 8 : 32).
The unclean spirit....came out of him (Mark 1 : 26).
Being made free from sin (Rom. 6 : 18).
With freedom did Christ set us free (Gal. 5 : 1).

1. "When he saw Jesus from afar, he ran and worshipped him." (Recognition; (2) Haste; (3) Appeal; (4) Response.
2. "Come forth, thou unclean spirit, out of the man." (1) The spirit recognized; (2 The command issued; (3) The man freed,
3. "And they came to see what it was that had come to pass." (1) A peerless Worker; (2) A mighty work; (3) A curious crowd.

III. RENEWED.

I. Reason Restored:

Clothed and in his right mind (15).
Sitting,....in his right mind, at the feet of Jesus (Luke 8 : 35).
When he came to himself he said (Luke 15 : 17).
The mind of the flesh is enmity against God (Rom. 8 : 7).
Be renewed in the spirit of your mind (Eph. 4 : 23).

II. Fellowship Sought:

He besought him that he might be with him (18).
I will follow thee withersoever thou goest (Matt. 8 : 19).
The man....prayed him that he might be with him (Luke 8 : 38).
They constrained him, saying, Abide with us (Luke 24 : 29).
Lord, why cannot I follow thee even now? (John 13 : 37).

III. Praises Proclaimed:

He....began to publish....how great things Jesus had done (20).
He went out, and began to publish it much (Mark 1 : 45).
So much the more a great deal they published it (Mark 7 ; 36).
Declare how great things God hath done for thee (Luke 8 : 39).
Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain (Rev. 5 : 12).

1. "Clothed and in his right mind." (1) A marvelous transformation; (2) A mighty Transformer.
2. "That he might be with him." Fellowship with Jesus: (1) In bodily companionship; (2) In spiritual companionship; (3) In heavenly companionship.
3. "Go,....and tell." (1) An appointed mission; (2) A ready message; (3) An accessible audience.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

CHRIST'S WORK WITH DEMONS.

He cast out demons (Matt. 4 : 24; 8 : 16; Mark 1 : 32, 39; 9 : 25; Luke 6 : 18).
Sometimes, many from one person (Mark 5 : 9; Luke 8 : 2, 30).
His power attributed to Satan (Matt. 9 : 34; 12 : 24; Luke 11 : 15).
His own claim (Matt. 12 : 25-28; Luke 11 : 17-22).
Demons knew him (Matt. 8 : 29; Mark 1 : 24, 34; 3 : 11; 5 : 6, 7; Luke 4 : 34).
Effects of demons on men (Matt. 8 : 28; 12 : 22; Mark 1 : 23; 5 : 2-5; 9 : 17-22; Luke 4 : 34; 11 : 14).
Effects of demons on swine (Matt. 8 : 30-32).
The outcoming of demons (Mark 1 : 25, 26; 9 : 26, 27; Luke 4 : 35; 9 : 42).
Men empowered to cast them out (Matt. 7 : 22; 10 : 1, 8; Mark 3 : 15; 6 : 13; 9 : 28, 29; Luke 9 : 49; Acts 19 : 11, 12).
Results of casting out demons (Mark 1 : 27; 5 : 15; Luke 4 : 36, 37).
Work of the cured (Mark 5 : 18-20).
Perils of the cured (Luke 11 : 24-26).
A stupendous failure (Acts 19 : 13-16)

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

The great discourse in parables is reported most fully in Matthew, though probably many parables were uttered on that occasion which have not been recorded (Mark 4 : 33,34). Mark gives but three. The second (Mark 4 : 26-29) is peculiar to his narrative, setting forth the gradual growth of the kingdom of God. Notice that the miracles peculiar to this Gospel were gradual cures (Mark 7 : 32-35; 8 : 22-26). Chapter 4 : 21-24 contains some sayings similar to those in the Sermon on the Mount. The voyage across the lake took place on the evening of that day (Mark 4 : 35, 36); and the miraculous sitting of the tempest is narrated by all three evangelists (Matt. 8 : 23-27; Mark 4 : 37-41; Luke 8 : 22-25). The landing on the other shore probably took place early on the next day.

The place was on the east shore of the lake in the country of the "Gerasenes" (Mark, Rev. Ver.), which is also called the country of the "Gadarenes" (Matt., Rev. Ver.), and of the "Gergesenes" (Luke, Rev. Ver., marg.). The confusion in the readings has led to much discussion as to the locality. Dr. Thomas thinks there was a small place called Gersa (or some similar name) south of Wady es Semak, about midway down the eastern shore, and that the name "Gergesenes" was derived from this. The locality which he claims to have identified meets all the requirements of the various narratives; and his theory is favored by the better supported readings (which, in his argument, he fails to indicate with exactness).

The time was the day after the discourse in parables, in the later half of 781, year of Rome—A. D. 28.

Parallel passages: Matthew 8 : 28-84; Luke 8 : 26-39.

Simple Rules of Etiquette.

Don't repeat the scandal of the day. They are old. Invent new ones.

Never be witty at the expense of another. He may command a larger credit than yourself.

Don't lounge in company. If you must at all, lounge on the chairs or sofa.

A boy should always tip his hat when meeting older persons or a gust of wind.

Let ladies pass through a door first. It may be slippery, so you had better wait and see.

Eat as fast and as slow as the rest. As fast to get your share. For the same reason as slow, not to encourage any possible superior into a contest.

Finish the course with the others. You cannot well do otherwise, for after they have finished it how can you continue?

Cover the mouth with the hand or napkin (both if nature has made it necessary) while removing anything from it, as the hand.

A gentleman usually vacates his seat for a lady if he sees a better one unoccupied. This, however, is not always necessary if the lady is his "best girl" and no one else is present.

Never leave home with unkind words on your lips. Stay till you have said them.

The etiquette of calls depends a good deal on whether you are calling on the minister or calling the crows.

A Tough Rat Story.

A naval officer says: I have always felt some regard for a rat since my cruise in the constellation. We were fitting for sea at Norfolk, and taking in water and provisions; a plank was resting on the sill of one of the ports which communicated with the wharf. On a bright, moonlight evening we discovered two rats on the plank coming into the ship. The foremost was leading the other by a straw, one end of which each held in his mouth. We managed to capture them both, and found, to our surprise, that the one led by the other was stone blind. His faithful friend was trying to get him on board where he would have comfortable quarters during a three years' cruise. We felt no disposition to kill either, and landed them on the wharf. How many there are in this world to whom the fidelity of that rat readeth a lesson.

Wire netting, two-inch mesh, is now cheaper than boards as material for fencing poultry, and can be more easily arranged and with less labor.

Let the seed-corn remain on the stalks until thoroughly dry and hard. When harvested store in a dry place. Moisture is injurious to seed-corn. A corner of the kitchen loft, where it will receive warmth, is an excellent location to store it.

FARM NOTES.

THE FARM ICE-CROP.—While the farm lies buried in its wintry shroud, the ice crop is ready for the harvest. No farmer who has once enjoyed the advantages of having a supply of ice during the warm months will willingly forego them for a single season; for ice in midsummer is not only a convenience but a luxury. The earlier the crop is secured, the better. Although ice is sometimes formed late in winter, there are seasons when, if it is not secured early, the chance is lost for the year. In the Middle States it will do to cut ice when it is four to six inches thick, but in the more northern regions thicker ice can be obtained. If the ice is covered with snow it must first be scraped off. Then lines are marked on its surface for the saw. An inch board, six feet long, with a cleat firmly attached across the lower end, is used to bring the blocks out of the water. Then they are shoved along the surface to the sleigh, into which they are loaded by means of an inclined plane of planks or boards. In packing in the ice-house surround the ice with some non-conducting substance and provide perfect drainage at the bottom and ventilation at the top. Sawdust is one of the best non-conductors, about one foot in thickness all around being sufficient. The interstices between the blocks should be filled with the same substance. No expensive structure is needed for an ice-house Anything that will hold sawdust is sufficient for practical purposes. In the absence of other receptacles, one corner of a hay-mow or woodshed, partitioned off with rough boards, will keep the ice just as effectually as a more costly structure. When there is no other convenience, or the ice-house will not hold quite enough, the supply may be helped out by making a stack. Lay down a floor of rails, upon which stack the blocks as compactly as possible. Cover thickly with non-conducting material, such as straw, marsh hay or corn stalks. Finish the top so as to shed rain, and put boards and rails around the sides to keep the covering in position. In removing the ice, open always at the same place, and at the top. If the stack is large and well built, the ice will keep the greater part of the summer nearly as well as in a costly structure.

GREENHOUSE AND WINDOW PLANTS.—A sudden fall of temperature during the night cannot be foreseen, and it is well to consider what should be done in an emergency. Sprinkling water upon the pipes is one of the most ready means of raising the temperature. Plants in windows upon anticipation of a very cold night may be removed to the middle of the room, or an arrangement may be made for hanging over the plants. A screen of light cloth or paper to be put over the plants while the room is being swept, will aid greatly in keeping them free of dust. The health of evergreen plants is much promoted by giving a weekly showering, placing the window plants in the bath tub. Plants too heavy to move, or that are suspended, like ivy, should have their leaves washed simply with a soft cloth and warm water.

Insects.—It is seldom convenient to smoke house plants, and tobacco water may be used for insects instead, standing the pots in the bath tub, or a spacious sink. Pour boiling water upon cheap tobacco, dilute it to the color of weak tea, Lay the pots upon their sides in order that the under surface of the leaves may be reached, Frequent drenching with water only will keep red spiders in subjection.

Bulbs that were potted last fall should be well noted by this time, and should be brought into light, and given water, and they will soon be in bloom. Give the plants ventilation whenever the outside weather will allow. Window plants may be given air by opening the window of an adjoining room.

Pots of Annuals make a fine decoration for the window or greenhouse, and now is the time to sow the seeds. Nemophila, or "Love-Grove," with its abundance of light-blue flowers, is one of the best, as it likes a shady place. Candytuft, Sweet Alyssum, and Mignonette, are useful for cutting. The Canary bird flower is an annual climber, and useful to train up the window from the inside, or later, upon the outside, and to trail over the balcony.

Propagation.—In the greenhouse propagate from cuttings and by seeds such plants as will be needed for the garden in spring. Look out for sudden and sharp changes of weather.

SENSIBLE SUGGESTIONS.—Where the temperature in winter does not go below zero, except occasionally, late cabbage may be placed together, heads up, with roots attached, trenches being dug for that purpose, leaving the heads above ground, over which a thick covering of straw, leaves and cornstalks should be placed, and the outside ridges banked, so as to turn the water. In the spring the stalks will throw off sprouts for early greens. If the climate be severe, however, the heads should be down and the roots up, and the mound well covered, so as to keep off as much frost as possible.

NOTES ON SEASONABLE SUBJECTS.—For storing turnips and other roots out side a conical-shaped mound is used. First thorough drainage must be looked after. Then a layer of straw is placed on the ground for a bed, upon which the roots are placed. When the desired quantity have been stored, four inches thickness of straw is placed over the roots, which in turn is covered by twelve inches of earth, well packed. A ventilator tube, one inch in diameter, is placed in the top of the mound, which is brought to a point, the object being to exclude both frost and water from the roots.

SOME one in Iowa has introduced to notice a new fuel which is designed to take the place of coal in the prairie countries. This fuel is made by grinding cornstalks and coarse prairie grass together, moistening them and then pressing the pulp into blocks about twelve inches long and four inches thick. These blocks are then dried. It is claimed that one block will give an hour's steady heat, and that the fuel can be produced for $3 per ton

HOUSEHOLD.

FRENCH FRITTER BATTER should be made as follows: Put one cup of flour into a bowl, and add gradually, stirring all the while, two thirds of a cup of ice water, add the well beaten yolks of two eggs, a half teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of olive oil. Give the whole a vigorous beating and stand away in the refrigerator at least two hours. While this is standing a lobster may be boiled, opened and cut into dice, of course rejecting the poisonous parts. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, and when melted add two level tablespoonfuls of flour, mix and add one pint of cream or milk, a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoon of white pepper; now add the lobster and stand it over boiling water, while you make the buchee cases. This operation, if deftly done, requires but a few minutes, and the cases should not be made until near serving time. Take the batter from the refrigerator and stir in carefully the well beaten whites of the eggs. Have ready a pan of smoking hot fat. Dip the bouchee mold in the hot fat, then into the fritter batter, then back into the fat; hold it there for a moment until the batter sticking to it is crisp and brown; carefully lift it out and slip off this case. Place it upside down on a paper to drain, and so continue until you have the desired quantity. If the cases become limber, they have not been cooked sufficiently long. When ready to serve arrange the cases on a pretty dish garnished with green, fill with the lobster and send to the table smoking hot.

To be perfect the cases should be thin and wafer like, crisp and brown.

ROLLED SANDWICHES.—For these the bread should be home made and just one day old. After removing the crust or first slice, butter the loaf, or rather that part of the loaf from which the slice was taken. Now cut this off in a very thin slice and remove the crust, and so continue until you have the desired number of slices. This way of buttering does not crumble or ruffle the bread so badly as when each slice is buttered after taken from the loaf. For three dozen sandwiches allow about two pounds of boiled beef's tongue, chop it very fine, and add gradually one gill of thick cream, a quarter of a pound of melted butter, four hard boiled yolks, mashed fine, and a palatable seasoning of cayenne; mix and work this to a smooth paste. Spread a very thin layer over each slice of bread, roll them up carefully and put in a tin box until wanted.

MOCK PATE DE FOIE GRAS.—Lard thickly over the top a whole calf's liver weighing about two pounds, put it in a stewing pan with a medium sized Spanish onion, chopped fine, two bay leaves, a blade of mace, a half dozen peppercorns, six whole cloves, a saltspoonful of salt, a lump of loaf sugar and one pint of stock; cover the saucepan and cook gently for three hours. When done cut the liver into thin slices, place them on a meat dish and strain over the liquor, cover and stand aside over night. Next morning pound the liver to a paste, adding a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoon of white sugar and a half pound of melted butter, mix thoroughly and press the whole through a sieve. This may now be packed in small pots and if covered with a layer of melted butter will keep three or four months. A small can of truffles (35 cents) may be cut into blocks and added to the mixture before packing.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES. — Take a good sized chicken and one pound of lean veal. Cook meat and chicken together. Save the liquor, hash up the chicken and meat finely together, season with milk, salt, pepper, parsley and half a teaspoonful of grated onion. Take a loaf of stale bread, rub the bread into crumbs until you have equal quantities of crumbs and meat. Place over the fire as much of the liquor as will moisten well the crumbs, into which stir the milk, and butter the size of an egg. When it boils stir in the crumbs until they stick to the spoon. Add meat, and when cold, two well beaten eggs, Form into rolls with your hands, roll them in crumbs and fry in hot lard, like doughnuts.

TO MAKE COCOA.—Allow two tablespoonfuls of prepared cocoa to one breakfast cup; boiling milk and boiling water. Put the cocoa into a breakfast cup, pour over it sufficient cold milk to make it into a smooth paste, then add equal quantities of boiling milk and boiling water, and stir all well together. Care must be taken not to allow the milk to get burnt, as it will entirely spoil the flavor of the preparation. The above directions are usually given for making the prepared cocoa. The rock cocoa, or that bought in a solid piece, should be scraped and made in the same manner, taking care to rub down all the lumps before the boiling liquid is added. Two teaspoonfuls of prepared cocoa for one breakfast cup, or one quarter ounce of the rock cocoa for the same quantity.

OYSTER PATTIES.—Scald three dozen oysters in their own liquor, cut each into three parts, after bearding them. In a stewpan place three ounces of butter, dredged with flour, and the oyster liquor, strained, into which has been put a wineglassful of cream, or double the quantity of milk, a little cayenne and ground mace, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Let the oysters simmer slowly in the mixture, but not boil, for three minutes. Line patty pans with puff paste, put a little bit of bread in each, cover with paste, and bake a light brown; previously brush the paste with egg, take out the bread, fill each pan with oysters and pour in a little of the mixture. Close lids and bake five minutes.

COCOANUT CAKE. — Cut up and wash a large cocoanut and grate as much as will weigh a pound. Beat twelve eggs very light, and then beat into them alternately a pound of powdered loaf sugar and the grated cocoanut, adding a handful of sifted wheat flour. Stir in a glass of white wine and a grated nutmeg. Having beaten the whole very hard butter a large tin pan, put in the mixture and bake it. Or it may be baked in little tins. Grate sugar over it when cold.

Suburban Gardening.

A delightful correspondent writes, strongly advising people who live in suburban towns, to cultivate their own vegetables and small fruits, provided that the husband's business hours in town afford some opportunity for daylight attention to the garden, and provided they are all people of sufficient understanding and intelligence to follow rules laid down in manuals. After mentioning one country village house, which they made to blossom like the rose, she says: "We have an acre and a half at R. under high cultivation for three years past, having long ago availed ourselves of such authorities as Peter Henderson, E. P. Roe, James Vick and Thomas Meehan, &c. My husband devotes every spare moment to the garden, besides having a very industrious man constantly employed. The result is that we have perfectly delicious fruits and vegetables to use, and some to give away, as such gifts cannot be bought, in freshly-gathered vegetables, usually. To my mind a family can enjoy greater health and more luxuries, the luxury of giving included, in this way, at a less expense than in any other way. To raise fruits and vegetables to sell for profit would require more ground, more workers, or else a cast-iron back, with a hinge in it. It is hiring the additional labor necessary that makes the venture such an expensive one. With a family of hard workers, and experience gained, this item would not necessarily appear."

Aged People

Whose blood has become thin or impure, are especially liable to attacks of rheumatism, or to that weakness called "general debility." The pains and aches of the former are relieved by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies and vitalizes the blood, while it also tones and builds up the whole system.

"My wife and myself were both generally run down. Hood's Sarsaparilla brought us out of that tired feeling, and made us feel like young people again. It has done more for us than all other medicines together." RICHARD HAWKHURST, Amityville, Long Island, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

PICKLED OYSTERS.—When washed hang over the fire, just covered with water. Two tablespoonfuls of salt for every 100 oysters. Let them come to a scald, watch for them to swell, then remove with a skimmer and place to cool on flat dishes, add one third part vinegar to the liquor, after you have strained it, with whole white pepper and a little blade of mace and allspice whole; let all boil up at once together, and pour over oysters in a stone jar, not glazed. Keep in a cool place; it is ready for use in two days.

TOMATOES raised in light, rather poor soil, in a sheltered or warm situation, are always sweet in favorable seasons, while those raised in rich soil or in partial shade are always sour. A rank growth of foliage shades the fruit densely and interferes with the development of the saccharine principle. Again, tomatoes raised in poorish, light soil ripen earlier than those raised in rich soil.

EVERY kind of crop grown upon the farm is needed. Somebody must and will produce it. Somebody will make it pay. Beef, wheat, pork and potatoes will never go out of fashion, and people cannot and will not produce them for nothing. But when it comes to looking for some crop or product which is sure to pay every year, these are not to be counted in; nor is anything else which the farmer grows to be so listed.

THE Polled breeds of cattle are excellent beef producers, and should answer well on farms where horniess cattle are desired. There is no necessity for dehorning the stock when only a few seasons are required for breeding the horns off.

A Radical Cure for Epileptic Fits.

To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease which I warrant to cure the worst cases. So strong is my faith in its virtues that I will send free a sample bottle and valuable treatise to any sufferer who will give me his P. O. and Express address. Resp'y, H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

An odd match safe is made of silver and gold, representing a box of cheap matches with the cover off, exposing the sulphur tips.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila., Pa.

For a penwiper, the silver head of an elephant with trunk elevated and resting on the tips of its ears and tusks, makes an odd design.

Nothing Cures Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's, Heart, Diabetes, Urinary, Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c., like Cann's Kidney Cure. Office, 831 Arch St., Phila. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5. At Druggists. Cures the worst cases Cure guaranteed. Try it.

The peach or plum tree, when planted the coming spring, should be put in the poultry yard, It will be partially protected from insects, and will grow rapidly.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

If a good account of expenses and sales are kept there will always be a balance in favor of sheep breeding; not so much as a specialty, but as an assistant to other farm animals and crops.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

For manuring very poor soil the *American Agriculturist* recommends buckwheat as the best crop, turning under two crops a year.

Frazer Axle Grease.

One greasing with Frazer Axle Grease will last two weeks, all others two to three days. Try it. It received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Exposition.

The pungency of pleasure is as transient as the foam that mantles around its brimming cup.

NO OPIUM in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

If You Are Sick

With Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Blood Humors, Kidney Disease, Constipation, Female Troubles, Fever and Ague, Sleeplessness, Partial Paralysis, or Nervous Prostration, use Paine's Celery Compound and be cured. In each of these the cause is mental or physical overwork, anxiety, exposure or malaria, the effect of which is to weaken the nervous system, resulting in one of these diseases. Remove the CAUSE with that great Nerve Tonic, and the RESULT will disappear.

Paine's Celery Compound

JAS. L. BOWEN, Springfield, Mass., writes:—"Paine's Celery Compound cannot be excelled as a Nerve Tonic. In my case a single bottle wrought a great change. My nervousness entirely disappeared, and with it the resulting affection of the stomach, heart and liver, and the whole tone of the system was wonderfully invigorated. I tell my friends, if sick as I have been, Paine's Celery Compound

Will Cure You!

Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

For the Aged, Nervous, Debilitated.

Diamond Dyes

Warranted to color more goods than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond*, and take no other.

A Dress Dyed
A Coat Colored
Garments Renewed
} FOR 10 CENTS.

A Child can use them!

Unequalled for all Fancy and Art Work.

At druggists and Merchants. Dye Book free.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Props., Burlington, Vt.

MAN'S DEVOTION.—He sat on an ottoman at her feet in blissful resignation and perfect calm.

"Ah, dear, I could sit here forever," he said, looking lovingly up into her warm blue eyes.

"Could you, Henry?" she answered.

"Yes, darling."

"You are sure you could, Henry?"

"I know it, my own."

"Well, I won't ask you to do it, but I would like to have you sit there till eleven o'clock, for I have an engagement to go out with that handsome Mr. Fitzspooner, and you can let me in when I come back, without disturbing the family. I've lost my night key and can't get another to-night. You are such a darling, Henry."

When she returned Fitzspooner had to climb in over the transom and open the door.

ATTORNEY, examining witness—You say you saw the shots fired?

Witness—Yes. sir.

"How near were you to the scene of the affray?"

"When the first shot was fired I was ten feet from the shooter."

"Ten feet. Well, now, tell the court where you were when the second shot was fired."

"I didn't measure."

"Speaking approximately, how far should you say?"

"Well, it approximated to half a mile."

THERE are some men who cannot comprehend that very frequently in life the game is not worth the candle. Ben Jackson was one of them.

"That makes the tenth match you have struck. What are you looking for?" asked his room mate one evening as Ben was striking a match and looking under the table.

"I dropped a match and I am trying to find it," replied Ben.

"MADAM," said a polite passenger in a crowded street car from his comfortable seat to a lady who was preserving her balance with difficulty, "permit me to—"

"Oh, thank you, sir," replied the lady, sweetly, as she prepared to sit down.

"Er—as I was about to say, permit me—ah—to call your attention to that strap."

AURELIA—Arthur, this is a momentous question. You ask me to give my life into your keeping. Oh, Arthur—

De Twirliger — For heaven's sake, don't be violent. If I've made a bad break, forgive me.

"No, no, Arthur; let us not misundertand each other. Can I — dare I trust you?"

"Aurelia, I will answer you frankly. Speaking for a tailor or a hotel man, I would say 'no,' but as a maiden I think you can venture."

OLD FRIEND—You ought to be proud of your wife, Tom.

Host—Yes?

"She's a brilliant talker."

"She ought to be."

"I could listen to her for a whole night."

"I often do."

STRIVING TO PLEASE.—Young husband—Isn't there something peculiar about the taste of these onions, my dear?

Young wife, anxiously—Oh, I have not, dear. I took such pains with them. I even sprinkled them with Jockey Club before I put them to boil to take away the unpleasant odor.

TERRIBLE. — "Well, father, I can stand your reproaches no longer. I will seek some foreign clime—England most likely, and once there I will search for a wife among the nobility, and then—"

"Oh, my dear son, anything but that! Have some consideration for your mother and sister, if you have none for me. I forgive you. Come, come to my arms!"

MRS. GOODEAR—I am so sorry you are late. You have missed that beautiful aria in the first act and the lovely andante movement in the second.

Mr. V.—Oh, I don't care so much for the aria, don't you know, as I don't go in for scenery. But it cut me up awfully when you tell me I am late for the ballet.

Rheumatism originates in lactic acid in the blood, which settling in the joints causes the pains and aches of the disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures rheumatism by neutralizing the acidity of the blood, and giving it richness and vitality. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"ARE you going to send your wife to a watering place next summer?"

"Yes, I guess I'll have to do so. I have paid money enough to keep that woman in good repair to have bought three or four new ones."

"DOESN'T that sound beautiful?" whispered the younger Miss Gushington when the groom declared to the bride: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

In making a mustard plaster for a patient with a delicate skin, use white of egg instead of water.

GENEVIEVE'S BLUNDER.—"This is your final answer, Miss Stubbles?"

"My final answer."

"Nothing can move you?"

"Nothing."

"Then my life will be a lonely one and my fate a harsh one, for my uncle, with whom I lived,, has just died and left me—"

"Just died?"

"Yes, and left me—"

"That fact somewhat alters the case, Henry. I cannot be harsh to one who has sustained such sudden bereavement. If I could believe that you are sincere—"

"Sincere! Oh, Miss Stubbles!"

"You have certainly made an impression on my heart. Give me time to think of it."

"How long?"

"After all, why think of it? Henry, I am yours."

"Oh! Genevieve!"

* * * *

"Do not squeeze me so hard, Henry. Your poor uncle! Was he long ill?"

"Three days."

"It's too bad! You say he left you—"

"Yes, he has left me."

"How much?"

"How much? I said he had left me. He had nothing else to leave. I am alone in the world now, homeless, penniless, but with you by my side—Gracious, she's fainted!"

MONEY MADE TWICE.—Jinks—You seem very happy about something?

Winks—I am; biggest thing yet. In for a million this time, sure! You know the cigar-end clippers they have in tobacco stores? A customer buys a cigar, touches it to the clipper and the end is cut off, all ready for smoking. Well, I've just found out that these cigar tips are gathered up by the proprietor and sold, some big stores adding $300 a year to their income by the operation. Great, isn't it? You sell the cigar, get the end back for nothing and make money on both."

"But that isn't your invention."

"No, but mine is the same sort, only better. It's fixed so that when the customer touches his cigar to the clipper it'll bite off a couple of inches before he can say Jack Robinson."

Card of Thanks.

If the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam should publish a card of thanks, containing expressions of gratitude which come to him daily, from those who have been cured of severe throat and lung troubles by the use of Kemp's Balsam, it would fill a fair-sized book. How much better to invite all to call on any druggist and get a free sample bottle that you may test for yourself its power. Large bottles 50c and $1.

All fertilizers should be in as fine condition as possible, for upon the degree of fineness depends to a great extent the solubility of the ingredients.

Ely's Cream Balm

is the best remedy for children suffering from

Cold in Head, Snuffles OR CATARRH.

Apply Balm into each nostril ELY BROS., 56 Warren st., N. Y.

The gentleman on the left took Mercury, Potash and Sarsaparilla Mixtures, which ruined his digestion and gave him mercurial rheumatism. The gentleman on the right took SWIFT'S SPECIFIC (S. S. S.) which forced out the poison and built him up from the first dose.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC is entirely a vegetable medicine, and is the only medicine which has ever cured Blood Poison, Scrofula, Blood Humors and kindred diseases. Send for our books on Blood and Skin diseases, mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

SINGERS who have used Piso's Cure for Consumption say it is BEST OF ALL. Sold everywhere. 25c.

ASTHMA CURED

German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases. Insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50 cts. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample free by mail, on receipt of stamp. Dr. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

Agents wanted, $1 an hour. 50 new articles. Call'ns and samples free. C. E. Marshall, Lockport, N. Y.

Elegant sliding Penknife, combined with folding Rubber Stamp of your name, 24 cts. SOUTHWORTH BROS., Portland, Me.

SOMETHING NEW.—Intelligent and energetic men and women wanted. $15 to $75 per week certain. Write W. F. CONOVER, Corning, N. Y.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc., thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free. Bryant's College, 457 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

OPIUM HABIT painlessly cured in 10 to 20 Days. Sanitarium or Home Treatment. Trial Free. No Cure, No Pay. The Humane Remedy Co., La Fayette, Ind.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure Relief for ASTHMA. Price 25 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

FARMS! We want to buy several in this locality. CURTIS & WAIGHT, 233 Broadway, N. Y.

Blair's Pills. Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, 34; round 14 Pills.

GOLD. Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

RRR

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures and Prevents

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Stiff Neck, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Headache, Toothache, Rheumatism Neuralgia, Asthma, Bruises, Sprains,

Quicker Than Any Known Remedy.

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with diseases may suffer, **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** will afford instant ease.

INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in its various forms cured and prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It was the first

PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache (whether sick or nervous) toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Price, 50 cts. Sold by all Druggists

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

Containing the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites combined with the Fattening and Strengthening qualities of Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased.

A Remedy for Consumption.
For Wasting in Children.
For Scrofulous Affections.
For Anæmia and Debility.
For Coughs, Colds & Throat Affections.

In fact, ALL diseases where there is an inflammation of the Throat and Lungs, a WASTING OF THE FLESH, and a WANT OF NERVE POWER, nothing in the world equals this palatable Emulsion.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

WANTED:

ONE AGENT FOR THIS COUNTY,

To take orders for enlarging SMALL PHOTOGRAPHS into

LIFE-SIZE CRAYON PICTURES.

The pictures are really beautiful. Likeness guaranteed. Agents can easily get orders and make a large commission. Address,

International Publishing & Printing Co.

528 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA.

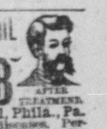
C Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Sold only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and have given the best of satisfaction. D. B. DYCHE & CO.

AFTER ALL OTHERS FAIL CONSULT

DR. LOBB



BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT.

329 N. 15th St., below Callowhill, Phila., Pa. 20 years' experience in all Special diseases. Permanently restores those weakened by early indiscretions, &c. Call or write. Advice free and strictly confidential. Hours, 10 A.M. till 3 P.M., and 7 to 10 evenings. Send 2 ct. Stamp for Book.

FITS STOPPED FREE Marvellous Success.

Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all Brain & Nerve Diseases. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INVALUABLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2.00 bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

$5 TO $10 A DAY! AGENTS WANTED! CIRCULARS FREE.

1000 Brewster's Safety Rein Holders GIVEN AWAY to introduce them. Every horse owner buys (runs) 1 to 6. Lines never under horses' feet. Send 25 cts. in stamps to pay postage and packing for Nickel Plated Sample that sells for $2 cents. Address Brewster Mfg. Co., Holly, Mich.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. So strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send two bottles free, together with a valuable treatise on this disease to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.

Best in the World. Made only by the Frazer Lubricator Co. at Chicago, N. Y. & St. Louis. Sold everywhere.

$160 FARMERS' SAW MILL. ENGINES, Wood Planers.

Also Hunt's Improved Circular Saw Mills With Universal Log Beam Rectilinear Simultaneous Set Work and Double Eccentric Friction Feed. Manufactured by the SALEM IRON WORKS, Salem, N. C. Write for circular

NORTHERN PACIFIC.

LOW PRICE RAILROAD LANDS & FREE Government LANDS

MILLIONS of ACRES of each in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon.

SEND FOR Publications with Maps describing the best Agricultural, Grazing and Timber Lands now open to Settlers. Sent free. Address **CHAS. B. LAMBORN,** Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

SALESMEN We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the Wholesale and retail trade. Largest manufacturers in our line. Enclose 3-cent stamp. Wages $3 Per Day. Permanent position. No postals answered. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

DETECTIVES Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under instruction in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Particulars free. Grannan Detective Bureau Co. 61 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, FEB. 7, 1889.

HOW TO SIT A HORSE.

An Old Cavalryman's Pointers to an Inexperienced Rider.

"The best riders in the world," said an old cavalryman, who was giving a greenhorn some points on equestrianism, "are the Mexicans. Buffalo Bill's cowboys are splendid riders, but the Mexicans are better still. And their superiority is in part due to the kind of saddle they use. That low English saddle you've got there," he continued, "I couldn't ride in. It isn't fit for a man to ride in. Now, the great beauty of the Mexican saddle is that a man sitting in it has his legs almost straight down beside the horse, like a clothes pin. A Mexican on horseback keeps his heels and shoulders nearly in line, his feet planted firmly in his stirrups underneath him and pointing straight ahead, parallel with the horse. Our McClellan saddle would be as good as the Mexican saddle if it only had the stirrups placed a couple of inches further back. As it is, a man riding in a McClellan saddle has to bend his leg at the knee in the English style. Now, with the knee bent it is almost impossible to keep your feet pointed straight ahead.

"This position of the feet," the impromptu riding master continued, after pausing a moment to allow his casual pupil to absorb what he had already said, "is a very important thing in learning to ride properly. In fact, it is the thing. And yet nine-tenths of the riders you see about the street and country roads every day have their toes turned at an angle of 45 degrees from the sides of the horse. As a consequence these riders can't have a firm seat, and don't enjoy the exercise half as much as they would if they rode properly."

"How is it the way the toes point has so much to do with good riding?" a reporter who happened to be on hand inquired.

"To sit firmly on a horse and at the same to time have the body erect and free to give with the horse's motion," the cavalryman said, "you must grip the animal's sides with your knees. Not with the calves of the legs, mind, nor with the thighs, but with the knees alone. Now, if you don't keep your toes pointing straight ahead, or nearly so, it is impossible to get this grip with the knees. Turn your toes out and you will find at once that you grip the horse with the calves of your legs and that your body is thrown forward from the hips instead of being erect. Experiment a little when you get on your horse and you'll see it works just as I say. But if you keep your feet straight, hold on tight with your knees and sit erect you will find you can accommodate yourself to the motions of the horse more readily and gracefully, your seat will be firmer and riding will not tire you near so quickly. If you will notice old cavalrymen when they walk," the gentleman continued, "you will see that instead of spreading their feet apart they keep them parallel. This is the result of their habit of riding, and it often makes them very ungraceful on their feet. The best and most graceful rider I knew was Gen. Ashby, who was killed during the war. I never saw a man who looked so handsome on horseback. Off a horse, however, he walked like a duck, and was so clumsy that he couldn't get into a parlor without falling over all the furniture in sight. A Mexican astride his high curved saddle, with his legs hanging straight down, rides as easily as if he were sitting in a rocking chair, and at the same time it is almost impossible to unseat him. He is clothes-pinned on to the horse, and the latter can't get from under him. But a man riding on a flat English saddle with short stirrups, his legs bent at the knee and his toes turned out, has no chance when his horse jumps suddenly. He is in a cramped position, and is almost sure to be thrown forward on the horse's neck or over his head."—Washington Star.

A Virginia Beauty.

Porter Ashe has made up his mind that the most beautiful woman he ever saw lives in Richmond, Va.

This is significant, because he was a rival of Freddy Gebhard in the wooing of Mrs. Langtry at Long Branch last summer, and was the cause of the sentimental quarrel which ended in Freddy's angry departure alone for England. He was promptly followed by the Lily, who brought him back amiably, and they are together again during the actress' present tour.

That Ashe should unequivocally award the palm of unequaled loveliness to anybody else than Mrs. Langtry, after last summer's devotion to her, indicates either resentment or outspoken honesty.

"Is it really true, Mr. Ashe," he was asked, "that you found such a wondrous beauty in Virginia?"

"It is true enough," he replied.

"Is she Amelie Rives? I have heard it was she to whom you have awarded the palm."

"No. I have seen the authoress and she is certainly handsome. So are a great many Virginia girls. I don't believe there is a city in the Union that has such a high average of beauty in its women as Richmond. My sister is visiting there and she wrote to me that if I would come she would show me the handsomest woman in the United States. I went—not for that reason, mind you—but I did see the young lady to whom she referred."

"And her name was"——

"She must be nameless. I fancy that she wouldn't care to be exploited as a professional beauty."

Mr. Ashe's use of the term "professional beauty" recalled Mrs. Langtry to my mind, and I said: "Well, is she more beautiful than Mrs. Langtry?"

"Yes; there is no doubt at all about that."—Clara Belle.

The Divining Superstition.

The number of shafts sunk and the other prospect work done in the Black Hills in the past ten years through the divining and other electric machines is not known, but it is actually perplexing to contemplate them. As a rule, they have proven signal failures. Notwithstanding this fact, these humbugs are as much in vogue today as ever in the past. The Leadville Journal of a recent date says that at least 90 per cent. of all the foolish prospecting and mining recently done can be distinctly attributed to this ignisfatuus. Like all humbugs, it has done its share in giving legitimate prospecting a great set back. We have had a long series of such experiments. The first was the witch hazel rod, which, passed over the ground, indicated by twists and turns the presence of lodes. Others sunk shafts in solid granite under the direction of spirits. Still others attemped to penetrate the depths by electrical forces of one kind and another, but in no instance that we have ever heard of has the result been different from that first defined as the experience in Leadville.—San Francisco Bulletin.

A TOUGH TOWN.

IT WAS NEWTON, KAN., NOW A NICE AND ORDERLY CITY.

For Downright Cussedness and Cold Killing It Had No Equal—The Gun Settled All Disputes—It Was Death to Be Marshal.

Nobody ever knew of a tougher town than Newton, Kan., was in the early days of its existence. Nobody knows of a more lovely or more peaceable city than that same place is today. In the spring of 1871 the terminus of the Santa Fe railroad was at Emporia. It was determined to build to a point seventy-five miles further west. The object was to catch the Texas cattle trade. On the 14th of April, 1871, the writer reached the banks of Sand creek. Two men were found camped there. There was not a foot of lumber in what is now Harvey county, Kan. These men were the pioneers of the town that Capt. John Sebastian afterward named Newton.

Six weeks later there was a population of nearly 2,000. The history of the town for its first eight months is a story of lawlessness and blood that has never been equaled on this continent. Other places, mining camps and cattle towns, have kept up the music of the pistol a greater length of time, but for downright cussedness and cold killing Newton wears the belt. As soon as it became known that Newton was to be the end of the railroad for a year, and that it was to be a cattle shipping point, whisky sellers, gamblers and thieves flocked there by hundreds. Of course many respectable men, seeking legitimate business, went there, too, but the great majority of the new comers were dangerous.

PREACHING IN A GAMBLING DEN.

They migrated there for the purpose of robbing the cowboys and cattlemen. For months it was a never ending battle between these law breakers on the one side and the men who knew no law on the other. From first to last thirty-six were killed with their boots on. At least a dozen gambling houses had places on the main street, keeping their doors wide open day time and night time, Sunday and all the time. One of them, the "Gold Room," was capable of holding 500 or 600 people. Every known kind of gambling was practiced. A sight was seen in this place one Sunday night that is not often witnessed. A Methodist preacher went to the boss of the place, "Doc" Thayer, and requested permission to hold divine services. It was granted, and with every gambling table running, the bar sending out its liquid hell, that preacher, the Rev. Mr. Hahn, stood up and told the story of the Man of Nazareth. Before he had finished his sermon a quarrel arose at one of the card tables and a man was shot. A detailed account of the killing and murders is not intended. If a gang of cowboys rode into town the smallest provocation would set their guns going, and going to kill.

A bond election was held. Several special constables were appointed for election day. One of them was a Texan named Martin. At the polls there was a quarrel between a big Irishman, who went by the name of McCluskey, but whose real name was Arthur Delaney, and the special constable, Martin. The result of that quarrel was the death of eight men and one woman, and the wounding of just an equal number. After the election was over McCluskey and Martin met in the Lone Star saloon and renewed the quarrel. A proposition was made and accepted to go out on the street and settle it with the fist. Both men laid off their belts and started for the street. Martin, however, had a gun hidden in his boot, and just as the door was reached he went down after it, intending to kill the Irishman; but McCluskey was too quick for him, and, taking the gun away from him, shot him dead. McCluskey gave himself up and was acquitted. Martin had a host of friends, and they vowed vegeance on his slayer.

THE "BIG KILLING."

The death of Martin led to what has always been known as the "big killing" in Newton. There were three dance halls across the railroad track in what was known as "Hyde Park." In one of them the "big killing" occurred. McCluskey was a hanger on at one of them. Martin's friends swore they would kill him and all that took his part. Martin's friends got the worst of the fight. It was known by both sides that the fracas was likely to happen on a certain night. The engagement took place according to programme. McCluskey was killed early in the fray, two holes through his neck and enough lead scattered around through his body to make any one who digs him up after a while imagine that he has struck a paying lead mine. A man on the McCluskey side shot nine of the long horn crowd and did it in a novel way. Knowing that the fight would occur, this man, Riley by name, went prepared to make himself felt. He had four six shooters on him. At the first pop of a gun he deliberately walked up to a Texan and shot him in the eye; then running his two arms between the arms and body of the dead man, he made a human barricade and shot at will from a safe ambush. After the fight ended he went out, mounted a horse and left. The dead at the big killing were speedily disposed of, the wounded taken care of.

BOSS OF THE "SIDE TRACK."

Mike Fitzpatrick kept a dive that he called the "Side Track." The unlucky chap that got in there found himself side tracked until his money was gone. Some of the decent people were bold enough to protest against some of his robberies, among others a prominent merchant. Mike did not like any interference with his business, and one morning he loaded himself a little fuller than usual with his vile whisky and started out to do a little slaughtering. The merchant was sought, but happened to be out of the store. Mike went up the street terrorizing everybody and walked into a saloon. There he saw the city's police judge, George Halliday, and without the slightest provocation or a word of warning he shot him through the heart. The marshal, Jack Johnson, had been advised that Mike was on a raid and had started to capture him. Seeing Mike coming out of the saloon, Johnson took a rest for his Winchester rifle on the well curb and shot him down. This was Newton's last killing. In an hour afterward the citizens had formed a league and the suspicious characters were notified to leave. They left. Only a few incidents are mentioned; only a few of the shootings detailed. Tom Carson, a nephew of old Kit Carson, was sent for and came to take the marshalship of the town. He stayed three weeks. The toughs had it in for him, and to save his life he skipped. "Wild Bill" (J. H. Hickox) tried to be marshal. He couldn't do it. Marshal King was killed in the discharge of his duties, and altogether it was the toughest town on record.

The person who sees the lovely city today, the county seat of one of the best counties (barvey) in the state, with its business, its opera houses, its street cars, gas and water works, and talks with its law abiding and wide awake citizens, little dreams of the scenes of blood witnessed in its infancy.—Omaha Herald.

CRITICISING A PICTURE.

Suggestions to the Painter of George and the Cherry Tree.

"Your charge against Mr. Barker, the artist here," said the judge, "is assault and battery, I believe!"

"Yes, sir."

"And your name is"——

"Potts; I am art critic of The Weekly Spy."

"State your case."

"I called at Mr. Barker's studio upon his invitation to see his great picture, just finished, of George Washington cutting down the cherry tree with his hatchet. Mr. Barker was expecting to sell it for $10,000. He asked me what I thought of it, and after I had pointed out his mistake in turning the head of the hatchet round so that George was cutting the tree down with the hammer end I asked him why he had foreshortened George's leg so as to make it look as if his left foot was upon the mountain on the other side of the river."

"Did Mr. Barker take it kindly?" asked the judge.

"Well, he looked a little glum, that's all. And then when I asked him why he put the guinea pig up in the tree and why he painted the guinea pig with horns, he said that it was not a guinea pig, but a cow, and that it was not in the tree, but in the background. Then I said that if I had been painting George Washington I should not have given him the complexion of a new brick, I should not have given him two thumbs on each hand, and I should have tried not to slew his right eye round so that he could see round the back of his head to his left ear. And Barker said, 'Oh, wouldn't you?' Sarcastic, you know, sir; and I said, 'No, I wouldn't, and I wouldn't have painted oak leaves on a cherry tree, and I wouldn't have left the spectator in doubt as to whether the figure off by the woods was a factory chimney or a steamboat, or George Washington's father taking a smoke.'"

"Which was it?" asked the judge.

"I don't know; nobody will ever know. So Barker asked me what I'd advise him to do, and I told him I thought the best chance was to abandon the Washington idea and fix the thing up somehow to represent 'The boy who stood on the burning deck.' I told him he might paint the grass red to represent the flames, and daub over the tree so's it would look like the mast, and pull George's foot to this side of the river, so's it would rest somehow on the burning deck, and maybe he might reconstruct that factory chimney, or whatever it was, and make it the captain, while he could arrange the guinea pig to do for the captain's dog."

"Did he agree?"

"He said the idea didn't strike him. So then I suggested that he might turn it into Columbus discovering America. Let George stand for Columbus and the tree be turned into a native and the hatchet be turned into a flag, while the mountain in the background would answer for the rolling billows of the ocean. He said he'd be hanged if he would. So I mentioned that it might perhaps pass for 'The Execution of Mary Queen of Scots.' Put George in black for the headsman, bend over the tree and put a frock on it for Mary; let the hatchet stand and work in the guinea pig and the factory chimney as mourners. Just as I had got the words out of my mouth Barker knocked me clean through the picture. My head tore out Washington's near leg and my right foot carried away about four miles of the river. We had it over and over on the floor for awhile, and finally Barker got the best of me. I am taking the law of him in the interests of justice and high art." So Barker was bound over to keep the peace and Mr. Potts went down to the office of The Spy to write up his criticism.—New York Mercury.

Wedded to His Half Sister.

Jacob Wells, a farmer living in Fayette county, Ala., discovered, after four years of happy wedded life, that his wife is his half sister. Wells' father, who lived at Sparta, Ga., was killed in the war. About twenty-five years ago Mrs. Wells married a man named Hogue. Young Wells, then about 12 years old, did not like his stepfather and ran away from home. He finally drifted to Fayette county, Ala., worked a number of years as a farmer's laborer and in time bought a small farm of his own. Mrs. Hogue's mother died soon after the birth of a child by her second husband, and the child, a girl, was cared for by relations of the father's family named Smith.

Two years later Hogue died, and his daughter grew up in the Smith family, and was always known as Dora Smith. Five years ago the family moved to Fayette county, and there the young lady met her half brother Wells. Even Wells' most intimate friends knew nothing of his early history, and he had never communicated with his relatives in Georgia. Wells and Miss Smith, as she was known, fell in love at first sight and were soon married. They have one child, a year old, and only discovered their relationship a few days ago by a chance word dropped by the wife. They were in a quandary for a time, but have decided to continue to live as man and wife.

New Building Materials.

A patent has been granted for a process of manufacturing boards, slabs or plates, chiefly applicable to the usual building purposes of wall and ceiling linings or coverings, and also as a lining for ice chests, flues and the like. Each board or plate is chiefly composed of the following materials: A large number of small tubes, either specially made of paper or other suitable material or formed of vegetable stalks. These tubes are uniformly distributed, so as to form a number of cores for the semi-liquid mass which is subsequently cast in. A plastic mass, consisting of plastic mineral matter, such as burnt gypsum, cement or lime and finely divided solid particles of organic origin, such as small coke, wool hair or feathers, with or without the addition of a liquid binding substance, such as glue water or a mixture of water with alum, green vitriol and soluble glass in the following relative quantities:—Gypsum cement or lime, fifty parts; small coke, ten parts; wool, hair or feathers, one part; binding substance, consisting of alum, vitriol and soluble glass, one part.—New York Telegram.

In Love with a Plaster Cast.

The story of Endymion is more than paralleled by a case that occurred recently in Paris. Eugene Bloc, a lad of 14 years, fell in love with a plaster cast of Venus in his father's house, and would stand gazing at it for hours. His father found that it caused him to neglect his studies, and so, in a rage, broke up the image. Eugene went to his room, twisted a sheet about his neck and strangled himself. It was a genuine case of falling in love with an ideal.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

London Schools.

The board schools in London employ about 4,000 teachers, while the church schools, endowed schools and private schools employ 4,000 more, and there are 8,000 governesses teaching in families. There are, in round numbers, 16,000 women teachers, with upward of 3,000 male teachers, in that city. The board employs half as many men as women—that is, from 2,207 to 4,300.—Journal of Education.

SNAKE-KILLING HOGS.

TWENTY-TWO PORKERS DESTROY 500 SERPENTS IN ONE HOUR.

The Terror of Black Mountain—Old Abe Lockhart Puts His Wits to Work—A Battle More Desperate Was Never Before Beheld.

A desperate and almost indescribable battle between a horde of rattlesnakes and a bunch of hogs occurred a few days since on Abe Lockhart's place, at the foot of Black mountain. This branch of the Allegheny has been long noted as the home and rendezvous of thousands of black and rattlesnakes of the dusky brown species, which have been looked upon with dread by the hunters from the fact that they have always been exceedingly aggressive and dangerous. For years this mountain has been the terror and dread of the people of the vicinity, and it is idom that any traveler or hunter has had the temerity heretofore to cross the ridge at or near a certain point, so numerous and deadly have been the poisonous reptiles.

But that has all been changed, owing to the fact that old Uncle Abe Lockhart has imported from North Carolina a bunch of the long nosed, lank, long legged species of hogs, which from their elongated personnel have been identified under the title of slug diggers. Uncle Abe had been so pestered and annoyed by the army of snakes which infested his farm that he put his wits to work and finally hit upon the happy plan of importing his lank and bony swine, which have had the reputation of being inveterate enemies of the snake family. He hauled over the mountains twenty-two big, bony hogs of the species above described, and placed them in pens, where he kept them well fed and treated.

THE CORN TRAIL.

When the old man had concluded that his muscular pets had become sufficiently acclimated and at home he released them from their pens, and early in the morning, while it was yet cool and the snakes were still half benumbed or asleep, he went up the mountain to a spot where he knew the reptiles dwelt by the thousand. All along the pathway he dropped grains of corn until he reached the side of the snake pit, a sunken spot in the side of the mountain, containing about half an acre. Here he threw down a bushel of loose corn, and, together with the boys, Jim and George, took shelter in low trees. Within a few minutes the satisfied grunts of the porkers were heard as they followed the trail of corn, until the whole drove of hogs broke into view from the underbrush. They came on until they arrived at the pit, where they stood for a minute or two until the old boar, an immense fellow, came up, when he took the lead and went grunting down the bank into the pit. All the other members of the family followed, until the twenty-two hogs were all within the small amphitheatre of a half acre. The hogs quickly picked up the corn, but by the time they had thoroughly cleaned it the snakes, aroused by the heat of the morning sun and the noise of the porkers, began to appear from the crevices. A dozen, then twenty, and directly several hundred American rattlers writhed their lithe bodies from their holes and looked at the porkers with brilliant, shining eyes and darting tongues.

Two or three hundred snakes in a mass of slimy, surging bodies began to draw themselves toward the hogs, but they had not crawled more than thirty or forty feet away from the crevices in the rocks before the old boar gave a shrill, infuriated squeal, when the whole drove of hogs was among its enemies.

AN INDESCRIBABLE SCENE.

The scene which followed is indescribable. The hogs charged their enemies, picking them up in their jaws and tramping them under foot, while the snakes shook their rattles and struck their enemies with their fangs. The fight raged for half an hour, a hog retreating for a moment's rest and then recharging into the midst of the writhing mass, ripping and tramping the snakes until the ground was literally covered with their writhing bodies. At one time the old boar was almost literally covered with snakes, but he didn't appear to care for their bites or their poison.

He would reach around, catch one in his jaws, throw it to the ground, and then hold it there with his feet while he tore its body to pieces. This he kept up for half an hour, retreating but once for a breath of air or a brief rest, when back he went at it again.

In less than an hour the hogs had conquered, not one snake being left alive, except a few which had succeeded in regaining the crevices before the hogs had flanked them. Old Uncle Abe and his boys became so sick from the overpowering smell of the musky odor that they were forced to lie down under the trees, but they were perfectly safe so long as the hogs were about.

After vanquishing the army of snakes the porkers lay down among the dead bodies of the enemies until they had sufficiently rested, when they again aroused themselves, and, led by the old boar, they began to root up and turn over the rocks, every now and then exposing a rattler which had hidden his body away from his porcine enemies. When a snake was thus exposed there was a rush, and in a jiffy that rattler was torn into little bits too small to recognize.

In an hour and a half not a living snake could be found, and the hogs were, to all appearances, as sound and hearty as ever. Uncle Abe then picked up his corn sack and made a trail of corn back to the house, but the hogs did not follow, seeming to prefer the flesh of the snakes to the corn. Ever since then the drove of hogs have remained in the mountain, coming home only to get a change of food, and where once no man dared to tread there is now not a rattlesnake to be found. The pigs had cleaned them out. Uncle Abe says there were not less than five hundred rattlesnakes killed in that single fight, and not one hog was hurt.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wouldn't Be Outdone.

Another story which Gen. Sheridan was fond of telling at the dinner table, after the coffee had been served and the ladies had retired, went somewhat like this, I am told:

There was a zealous chaplain of the Army of the Potomac, who had called on a colonel, noted for his profanity, to talk of the religious interests of his men. After having been politely motioned to a seat on the chest, the chaplain began:

"Colonel, you have one of the finest regiments in the army."

"I believe so," said the colonel in reply.

"Do you think," pursued the chaplain, "that you pay sufficient attention to the religious instruction of your men?"

"Well, I don't know," doubtfully replied the colonel.

"A lively interest has been awakened in the —— Massachusetts," the parson went on to say. "The Lord has blessed the labors of his servants, and ten have already been baptized."

"Is that so?" excitedly cried the colonel, and then turning to the attendant, added: "Sergeant major, have fifteen men detailed immediately for baptism; I'll be blanked if I'll be outdone by any Massachusetts regiment."—New York Tribune.

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The Sun believes that the campaign for the election of a Democratic Congress in 1890 and a Democratic President in 1892 should begin on or about the fourth of next March. The Sun will be on hand at the beginning and until the end of the most interesting and important political conflict since the war, doing its honest utmost, as ever to secure the triumph of the Democratic party and the permanent supremacy of the principles held by Jefferson, Jackson, and Tilden.

The great fact of the year is the return to absolute power of the common enemy of all good Democrats—the political organization for whose overthrow The Sun fought at the front for fifteen years, the memorable years of Grant and the Fraud Hayes, and Garfield and Arthur.

It is the same old enemy that Democrats now confront, and he will be intrenched in the same strong position it has been carried once by brave and hopeful fighting. Do you not believe with The Sun that the thing can be done again? Wait and see!

The hope of the Democracy is in the loyal efforts of a united press, cherishing no memories of past differences in non essentials, forgetting everything but the lesson of experience, and that victory is a duty.

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a man for groaning when he has Rheumatism or Neuralgia. The pain is simply awful. No torture in the ancient times was more painful than these twin diseases. But—oughtn't a man to be blamed if, having Rheumatism or Neuralgia, he wont use Ath-lo-pho-ros, when it has cured thousands who have suffered in the same way? It has cured hundreds after physicians have pronounced them incurable.

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Wife—The physician thinks that you need a tonic, John, and has left me a prescription.

Sick Man—What is it?

Wife (reading the prescription)—Well, there's beef—iron——

Sick Man—Yah, beef and iron; what good is that fool stuff going to do!

Wife—I haven't finished reading it yet, John; there's beef, iron, wine——

Sick Man—Wine, too? Well, you send over to the drug store and get a lot of it put up and we'll see what it's like.—The Epoch.

WOODLAND COAL

Woodland coal, just from the mines,—eaves no cinder—for sale at the Centre all roller mill. Best fuel for summere
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NEW YORK GIRLS.

A RESIDENT AND A GERMAN VISITOR AT THE HORSE SHOW.

A Beautiful Girl and Her Devotees—Her Hair in the Latest Style—Sample of the Conversation—The Accent Astounding. The German Disappointed.

At the horse show the other night I chanced to sit beside a peculiar sort of a girl. Her type was indigenous. In everything she smacked of New York. She fitted into her crevice in the town with an affectionate snugness that could only be rivaled by the oozing mud about the bare foot of a boy on the swampy bank of a canal. She had even changed the fashion of her hair that evening, to be in with the local mode.

How do I know it?

She told me and every one else in earshot, though her audience was strange to her.

"I grew dreadfully uneasy," she announced to her sister, who had been waiting for her in the box, as she tossed off her wraps and sank into her chair. "Had a ghastly premonition of queerness, you know."

"Dear me!"

"Yes, really," replied the belle, as she leaned back in her chair. "Funny, wasn't it? Worried me, and I went back and did it."

"Did what?"

"Dressed my hair a la Hading. Do you like it? Haven't quite the knack yet—so hurried, dearie." Her little hands wandered up over her hair, which fell in a big, careless loop down below her collar behind. "What do you think of it?"

"It looks like the pony's tail when the groom has twisted it up so as to curry his legs."

The older girl stared at her sister with an air of bland commiseration for a long time, and then with icy sympathy said:

"Poor dear! You've evidently been waiting all alone here with auntie. Haven't any men called on you yet? It's very provoking, I know."

"GOT A HOSS HEAH."

If the young men had been scarce up to that time they made up for it in the alacrity with which they now hurried to the box in which the young beauty was seated. Her idle chat about the fashion of dressing her hair was interesting because indicative of the spirit which pervades all the girls of her kind.

She talked incessantly. Every two minutes the man who was leaning over her shoulder would give way to another man, who looked precisely like him, and who uttered the identical commonplaces that his predecessor had palmed off for conversation. The accent of the speakers was astounding.

The first man was the son of a big down town banker. He had a pair of wabbly eyes, a red but handsome face, and his figure was faultlessly clad in evening dress. A single glass made an earnest effort to keep one of his eyes steady. He stumbled over everything in sight as he hurried into the box, made one short bow to the chaperon, another and a shorter one to the sister and grabbed the beautiful heiress' outstretched hand eagerly.

"How 'dof" he gasped.

"Why, Chawley Chumley-Peppers!"

"Haw-haw."

"Have y'u bean away from taown?"

"Ya-as, ab-sull-oot-ly."

"Whah?"

"Was'n."

"Washington?"

"Ya-as. Ab-sull-oot-ly. Got a hoss beah."

"Have you? So've I."

"Mine's a cob, y' know; gray, beauty, ab-sull-oot-ly." Mr. Chumley-Peppers waited after this for a breather, changed his glass to his other eye, and joined the belle in waving a greeting to a lot of new arrivals. Then he drew breath and said, with intense labor: "You-got-hoss-beah?"

"Rawther. My sorrel hunter Lawd Kitterlorn's entawed foh th' jumpin' prize."

"Demme, there's Bertie Winkleton—must see him," gasped Mr. Chumley-Peppers, signaling a fac-simile down near the track. "Must see him."

"Really?"

"Ab-sull-oot-ly."

A hasty shake of the hand and he rushed away, while another of his species hurried up.

There was a continual repetition of this sort of thing. I do not wish to play eavesdropper, but the people talked so loudly in the place that all the surrounding public was taken into their confidence.

BEAUTIES WHO TALK SLANG.

In the box with me was a German who was seeing New York for the first time, and studying the fashion of the people after the thoughtful manner of Teutonic philosophers. He had been listening with an air of grave and judicial attention to the beauty in the right hand box, when there was a rush and rustle next door, and two young girls and a man strolled into the box on the other side of us. They were as different from the girl on the right as it is possible to imagine, and yet they were all New York girls. The new comers were not in the "best" society, though doubtless they were people of some social pretensions. They might have been daughters of rich people who had not had any social advantages—or, perhaps, they were simply boarding house girls, whose fathers were making money.

After he had looked at them for some time, the German officer leaned over and paid them a simple but tremendous compliment.

"What magnificent looking creatures!" he said softly. "I believe that nowhere in the Old World could you match them. Pretty girls here are endless in number, but is there not something about them?" he asked dubiously.

"Yes," I said after waiting awhile, "there is something."

Before I could explain what this something was, if I really knew it, the younger of the girls nodded half saucily to a distinguished but odd looking old gentleman who was stalking along by the pony stalls.

"Dear me!" said the other girl, with a bright smile of derision on her face. "What a startling old guy that was."

"Which one?" asked the other girl brightly.

"The baldheaded chappie with the quisby mustache," answered the other girl sedately. "Such a sight!"

"He's one of poppa's friends. Cunning little tootsie, ain't he?"

"Looks like the Whitechapel fiend," interpolated the man who accompanied the two young women, with a broad grin.

The whole tone of their talk was on this slangy and guying level. I watched the German closely. I was mainly interested in finding out whether he knew English well enough to understand the nature of the slang. He was too polite to criticise them till I asked his opinion, and then he sighed and said, softly, as he shook his head: "The girls of New York are beautiful and happy. Why is it that they do not speak their own language?"

It was more than I could tell.—"B. H." in New York Sun.

Preserved as a Relic.

The heart of the poet Shelley, it seems, is preserved among other precious relics of the poet in the house of his son, Sir Percy Shelley, at Boscombe Manor, Bournemouth, England.—Chicago Herald.

ASUNDER.

Once, when the sun, in slowly dying splendor,
Sank, sending crimson smiles across the sea,
When, in the twilight, eyes look'd true and tender—
"Tell me," you said, "how great your love for me."
Darker and darker grew the sea before us.
Turning, I saw a shadow at your side;
Mist fill'd the sky and hid the pale stars o'er us;
As those who speak in dreams my lips replied:
"Some measure love by gold,
By endless time, by soundless sea;
But I—I love you well enough
To leave you, Love, if needs must be."

Words, thoughtless words! but breathing doubt forbidden;
Fears, foolish fears! that love must lull to rest—
Not you or I knew then the meaning hidden,
Veil'd in those words you deem'd an idle jest.
Now, Love! with paths divided, hands asunder—
Now we have learnt the meaning, you and I,
Hid in the misty sky, the dark sea under,
Hid in those words I spoke, and knew not why—
"Some measure love by gold,
By endless time, by soundless sea;
But I—I love you well enough
To leave you, Love, if needs must be."

Astor's Expensive Yacht.

Within a stone's throw of a South Brooklyn pier recently were fifteen yachts, sloops and schooners, little and big. They represented $1,000,000 of capital. The highest priced was Mr. Astor's big 273 feet long steam yacht Nourmahal, which lay looming up like an ocean steamer. The Nourmahal cost $300,000, and Mr. William Astor, her owner, uses her for about three months in the year. The other nine months she lies idle. The expense of running this leviathan toy is $6,000 per month. By the necessary expense is meant the cost of fuel and the wages and keep of her crew. What Mr. Astor spends in entertainments, etc., on board of course nobody knows but himself. The expenses, therefore, of keeping the Nourmahal for a year, outside of her owner's personal expenditures, is: Interest on money invested, $18,000; expenses for time she is in commission, $18,000; repairs, etc., each spring, about $5,000; total, $41,000. From these figures it would be easy to estimate how much the yacht would cost to keep should she be in commission the year round. About $100,000 would just about cover it. Even Mr. Astor, with all his wealth, could scarcely afford this, and so the Nourmahal lies idle most of the time.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Elder Sothern's Joke.

One day the elder Sothern, who was a famous practical joker as well as author, went with Mrs. Wood into an ironmonger's shop and asked for Macaulay's "History of England." "We do not sell books, sir," said the assistant. "This is an ironmonger's shop." "Well, I'm not particular," said Sothern, pretending to be deaf; "I don't care whether it is bound in calf or Russia." "But this is not a book seller's," shouted the assistant. "All right," said Sothern, "wrap it up neatly. I want to have it sent down to the hotel. It's for a present I wish to make to a relative." "We don't keep it," shouted the assistant, getting red in the face. "Do it up as if it were for your own mother. I don't want anything better than that," said Sothern. "I would like to write my name on the fly leaf." "Sir," bawled the assistant at the top of his voice, "can't you see that we do not keep books?" "Very well," said Sothern, quite undisturbed, "I will wait for it." The clerk appealed to his master and said he thought the customer must be off his head. "What is it, sir? What do you desire?" he said to Sothern. "I want to buy a file," said the actor, "a plain file, four or five inches long." "Certainly," said the master, casting a withering glance at his assistant.—Chicago Times.

Cold and Stolid Young Italians.

The Italian's fruit vender's daughter has become numerous enough in Boston by this time to furnish a type by herself, and one worth a bit of passing study. At the street stand and corner fruit booth she watches her father's property, whenever he be absent or present, with vigilance, caution and stolidity. Stolidity, indeed, is generally her most salient characteristic, and the question is it the more assumed or real cannot but present itself to the observant passer by. Something in the average Italian girl's gaze and mien seems to say it is assumed as a sort of armor of self defense. The sauciest idle wag passing could hardly find excuse for attempting a flirtation with her, and if he did her blank countenance might disconcert him as did the look a Salvation army woman cast upon one the other day, when he rushed out and with some cheap banter grabbed her tambourine. She turned upon him in silence, surveying him from head to foot with a Christian smile of benignant pity that actually withered him up.—Boston Advertiser.

In a Ton of Coal.

A ton of coal yields about 8,000 cubic feet of gas and 1,500 pounds of coke. The purification of gas furnishes forty-five gallons of ammonia water, from which is obtained sulphate of ammonia for agricultural purposes and about 130 pounds of tar. It is here that the operation becomes especially interesting, for from this last named product are obtained 70 pounds of pitch, 18 pounds of creosote, 9 of naphtha, 13 of heavy oils, 6 of naphthaline, 4 of naphthol, 2 of alizarine, and about 1 each of phenol, aurine and aniline (the substance to which we are indebted for such wonderful colors), 10 ounces of toluidine, 6 of anthracine and 12 of toluene.—Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

Not Chestnuts.

"O! what cute little chestnuts," exclaimed a school girl in a Chestnut street fruit store. "Not chestnuts at all," said the clerk; "them's chinquapins. They grow down in Delaware, and I suppose in some other parts of the country south of here. They are just about in the same proportion to a chestnut that the 'Diamond' state is to Pennsylvania. They are pretty, yes; and they are so much sweeter than chestnuts that even the worms know it. Hard to get good ones."—Philadelphia Times.

Voices Cross the Ocean.

Mr. Edison's phonograph is now well known. Col. Gouraud, under whose fatherly care it was presented to the British association, explained that ordinary correspondence between himself and Mr. Edison at New York had now entirely ceased. They each spoke to a phonogram, and the sound tracing from the instrument was sent by post across the Atlantic from one to the other, so that each of these correspondents has the great satisfaction of hearing his friend's words in the familiar voice.

Blue Lines Hurt the Eyes.

Blue lined writing paper is almost universally manufactured in both this country and Europe. The school commissioners in Mainz have, upon medical advice, decided that the blue lines are bad for the eyes, and ordered that all school writing papers shall be ruled in black.—Medical Record.

The beautiful countess of Dudley has insured her life for $500,000 for the benefit of her younger children. This is the lady who set the fashion in England of sleeping between black silk sheets.

It is said that less than a year is the average professional life of a good looking school teacher in Merced county, on the Pacific coast.

Poor, Foolish Men.

TAKE A WOMAN'S ADVICE.

This is only the second time in eight weeks that I have had to polish my boots, and yet I had hard work getting my husband to give up his old blacking brush, and the annoyance of having the paste blacking rub off on his pants, and adopt

Wolff's ACME Blacking

A magnificent Deep Black Polish, which lasts on Men's boots a week, and on Women's a month.
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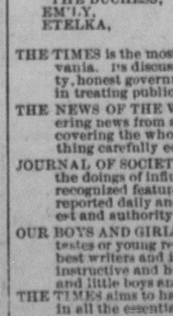

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelp and Erie Division)—on and after Nov. 25, 1888

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 25 p m
"	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
"	Montandon	5 56 a m
"	Williamsport	7 10 a m
"	Jersey Shore	7 55 a m
"	Lock Haven	7 58 a m
"	Renovo	8 55 a m
arr at	Erie	4 05 p m

Sunday train—Erie mail west runs also on Sunday.

NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	Montandon	10 12 a m
"	Williamsport	11 10 a m
arr at	Lock Haven	12 10 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	7 10 a m
"	Harrisburg	11 25a m
"	Montandon	1 14 a m
arr at	Williamsport	2 15 p m
"	Lock Haven	3 50 p m
"	Renovo	4 50 p m
"	Kane	8 35 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 50 p m
"	Harrisburg	3 45 p m
"	Montandon	5 54 p m
"	Williamsport	7 10 p m
"	Lock Haven	8 02 p m
arr at	Renovo	9 00 p m
	(Sunday Train,	
SUNDAY MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
"	Harrisburg	7 40 a m
"	Montandon	9 37 a m
"	Williamsport	10 40 a m
"	Lock Haven	11 34 a m
arrives	Renovo	12 30 pm

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
"	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m
"	Williamsport	8 15 a m
"	Montandon	9 17 a m
arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane	6 25 a,m
"	Renovo	10 20 a m
"	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
"	Williamsport	12 20 p m
"	Montandon	1 22 p m
arr at	Harrisburg	3 13 p m
"	Philadelphia	6 50 p m
RENOVO ACM leaves	Renovo	4 15 p m
"	Lock Haven	5 15 p m
"	Williamsport	6 20 p m
"	Montandon	7 23 p m
arrives at	Harrisburg	9 50 p m
"	Philadelphia	4 25 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs also on Sunday.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	3 00 p m
"	Renovo	7 00 p m
"	Lock Haven	11 58 p m
"	Williamsport	1 25 a m
"	Montandon	2 27 a m
arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m
"	Philadelphia	8 25 a m

Sunday Train—Erie Mail east runs also on Sunday.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East & Erie Mail Eastmake close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

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Westward.				Eastward.		
P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P M
1 30	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	5 45
1 40	10 25	6 15	Lewisburg	9 00	12 55	5 35
1 48		6 24	Biehl	8 51		5 26
1 55		6 30	Vicksburg	8 45		5 20
2 05		6 41	Mifflinburg	8 35		5 08
2 20		6 56	Millmont	8 22		4 53
2 30		7 05	Laurelton	8 13		4 43
3 03		7 40	Paddy Mountain	7 40		4 08
3 15		7 52	Coburn	7 27		3 55
3 25		7 58	Zerby	7 19		3 45
3 35		8 10	Rising Spring	7 10		3 35
3 45		8 18	Penn Cave	7 00		3 27
3 54		8 25	Centre Hall	6 52		3 20
3 59		8 33	Gregg	6 43		3 13
4 08		8 42	Linden Hall	6 36		3 05
4 15		8 48	Oak Hall	6 30		3 00
4 19		8 52	Lemont	6 25		2 55
4 25		8 59	Dale Summit	6 20		2 50
4 35		9 09	Pleasant Gap	6 10		2 40
4 41		9 14	Axemann	6 04		2 34
4 45		9 20	Bellefonte	6 00		2 30

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, and 7.10 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.26 p m, 6.00 p m and 7 30 p m.

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THE SAMOAN TROUBLE.

SENSATIONAL CABLE AND OFFICIAL REPORTS.

GERMANY TAKING POSSESSION.—SHE WILL MAKE WAR UPON CHIEF MATAAFA.

AUCKLAND, Jan. 31.—Advices from Samoa state that the German officials have given notice that all vessels arriving there will be searched for articles contraband of war. They have suppressed the Samoan *Times*.

Upon the arrival of the steamer Richmond she was boarded and searched by the Germans.

BERLIN, Jan. 31.—It is not expected that German military operations in Samoa will commence until sufficient reinforcements are sent to the islands. At present there are at Samoa three German war ships, with an available landing force of 300 men.

A passenger on the British steamer Walnut, who visited Mataafa's camp, was placed under arrest, but was subsequently released, in compliance with a demand of the British Consul.

A proclamation has been issued placing the Apia police force under German control.

Mataafa's followers number 6000. They are strongly entrenched, and other Samoans are rapidly joining them.

BERLIN, Jan. 31.—A "white book" on the Samoan question will shortly be presented to the Reichstag. The *National Zeitung* announces that a friendly settlement with America may be expected, based upon Prince Bismark's proposal for a joint discussion.

STATEMENT OF COMMANDER LEARY, OF THE UNITED STATES SHIP ADAMS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 31.—Commander R. P. Leary, of the United States ship Adams, which arrived here from Samoa, via Honolulu, yesterday, in an interview to-day, said:

"There was a great deal of commotion when I was at Apia. I went down there with all kinds of orders suited to a time of peace, but when war broke out I threw the orders to the wind. They would do in time of peace, but were not applicable to the condition of affairs then. When I saw Brandeis, the German Minister, leading 500 natives in support of Tamasese, I wrote him a letter asking him to desist. I said: 'I am here to protect American citizens and American property, and I will not wait idly by and see you plunging the country into trouble, when their lives and property may be destroyed. If you do not desist I shall take such measures to protect them as I deem the circumstances demand.'

"He sent word back that no Americans nor American property would be molested. In a little while, though, much the same tactics were repeated. There was a meeting of Consuls aboard the German war ship Adler, and at the meeting I said to the Germans: 'Now, just let the natives fight it out between themselves.' Oh, no, they could not do that. They said they had proclaimed Tamasese King, and they could not leave him now to fight alone. Then I said I would take a hand in this. 'If you persist in aiding Tamasese and fighting for him,' I will participate, and I pulled the Adams in ahead of the Adler, and would have done my part in the fray if the Germans had decided that they must have it. I had made up my mind that the Adams could throw shells too. At this they eased down and promised that it should be 'hands off.'

"Next there were notices posted by the Germans stating that the bridge over the river at Apia and separating all the back country where the natives were, would be taken up. I tore these notices off. I said there should be no demolition of bridges. Then I ordered my carpenters up the next morning, and meantime word having got out all around, scores of natives came to aid in repairing and maintaining the bridge. I also threw some marines ashore to protect it. It is not necessary to say that the bridge was not destroyed. The Adams left Samoa December 7, and was not present during the recent battle between the Germans and Mataata's forces."

A MURDER IN ARKANSAS.

JOHN M. CLAYTON SHOT BY AN UNKNOWN ASSASSIN.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 30.—The *Gazette's* Plummerville, Ark., special gives the following details of the murder of John M. Clayton.

He was shot in his room at Mrs. Craven's house, at 9 o'clock last night. D. H. Womack, of Benton, Arkansas, a travelling man, and Al. Nutt were with him. Clayton had been nervous all the evening, and was pacing the floor with his hands in his pockets. He walked towards the window, over which the blind was partially drawn, and was in the act of sitting down, when a shot was fired through the pane. When a light was brought, it was found that a load of buckshot had taken effect in the right side of Clayton's neck, breaking it. He had fallen back dead in his chair, and then over upon the floor.

There is no clue to the perpetrator of the outrage, but a pistol was found underneath the window this morning, which may lead to the discovery of the assassin. No one advances a theory as yet. A great number of people, principally negroes, are in the little village, but everything is orderly and quiet.

A bill was presented in the State Senate to-day authorizing the Governor to offer a reward of $5000 for the arrest of the murderer or murderers of John M. Clayton. It was made the special order for to-morrow.

MEDIA, Pa., Jan. 30.—Hon John M. Clayton, who is reported to have been shot and killed yesterday in his room in the hotel where he lived at Plummersville, Arkansas, is a brother of Thomas J. Clayton, President Judge of the Delaware County Court. The despatch announcing the unfortunate occurrence appeared in the morning papers, and Judge Clayton had not heard of it until a newspaper reporter met him on the street this morning on his way to the office. Judge Clayton was completely overcome by the sad intelligence, and left at once for his home.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Nathaniel Gandy, 18 years old, was stabbed and instantly killed on the afternoon of the 27th during a quarrel at Broad and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia, it is alleged by Harry Endy, aged 19 years, who was arrested. Benjamin Baker, aged 30 years, and James Whinney, 25 years, were attacked on the morning of the 27th by a party of men at Sixth and Lehigh avenue, Philadelphia. Both were struck on the head with a brick, knocked down and kicked. Emil G. Doersind was arrested and held to wait the result of Baker's wounds, which are believed to be dangerous. Samuel Wakefield, Jr., colored, shot and killed James W. Trainer, his employer, in New Iberia Parish, Louisiana, on the evening of the 25th, and was in turn taken from the officers and killed by a mob.

—A boiler exploded in the saw mill, of R. H. Perkins, at Poplar Bluff, Missouri, on the evening of the 26th, killing Judge J. R. Stramount, John Cronester and John Moore, and fatally injuring Robert Malcom, Richard H. Perkins and Richard Robins. Six others received slight injuries. Lack of water caused the explosion. The boiler in Harvey's silk mill, in Scranton, Pa., exploded on the morning of the 28th, killing the engineer, Nicholas Chisiel and injuring a workman named Anderson. All the water in the boiler had been exhausted and the engineer turned on a full stream. Two hundred and fifty employes are thrown out of work.

—Threatening letters from White Caps were sent to a number of disreputable houses in Bloomington, Illinois, recently, and on the evening of the 25th, some of the houses were bombarded with eggs. The police arrested Patrick O'Connell and three others, who are now in jail. O'Connell was seen and recognized as he delivered one of the threatening missives, and on being arrested, confessed, implicating the rest of the gang. Two of the prisoners are old offenders, each having a suspended penitentiary sentence hanging over his head.

—It is reported that several levees, 30 to 40 miles above Shreveport, Louisiana, gave way on the evening of the 26th, the river submerging a large area of country. Sunny Point levee, below Shreveport, has also succumbed to the force of the current. All lowlands on the Red river not protected by levees are under water. No loss of life or stock is reported.

—While a number of people were leaving a school house near Williamsburgh, Ohio, on the evening of the 26th, a mischievous boy pulled the bell rope, and by some means the bell was thrown from the frame work in the cupola, and fell in front of the house and on to the crowd below, killing William Wacker and seriously injuring G. W. Mount and Sparr Kidd.

—Parks Pledger, living at Holly Springs, Missouri, committed suicide on the 25th. He was engaged to marry two young women, and had arranged for the marriage ceremony to take place in each case on the same day. The body of William Harkins, aged 24 years, was found in the Susquehanna river at Nanticoke, Penna., on the 28th. It is thought he committed suicide. Ira E. Tabor, a wealthy farmer, near Plattsburg, New York, was killed on the 28th, by a neighbor named Joseph Chapleau, with whom he quarrelled over the poisoning of two cows. Chapleau struck Tabor on the head with a stake from his sleigh. He says he acted in self-defence.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, of Danville, Va., while in Greensboro, N. C., on the evening of the 26th, was robbed and had her skull fractured by an unknown colored villain. Two men named Arbuckle and Staley have been arrested in Indianapolis, Indiana, for passing counterfeit coin. A complete counterfeiter's outfit was captured in their room. Burglars entered the post-office in Rahway, New Jersey, early on the morning of the 28th, and secured stamps, registered letters and cash to the amount of $1000.

—Two little boys and an older sister, aged 18 years, named French, were caught in the blizzard, near Hitchcock, Dakota, on the 25th, as they were returning home from school. When found the boys were dead and the girl badly frozen and unconscious. If she survives she will lose the lower portion of her legs, and possibly, one or both arms.

—With two exceptions, every line of street cars in New York and Brooklyn was tied up on the morning of the 29th. A number of small riots occurred during the day, but no persons was dangerously hurt. The strikers attacked and beat the new men, but dispersed without offering serious resistance when the police appeared. Several of the ringleaders were arrested. Some of the companies succeeded in getting cars over their routes with the aid of the police. The strickers demand $2,25 for 10 hours' work in 12 consecutive hours. It is estimated that over 6000 men are out. At 10 o'clock last night everything was quiet at the car stables, the strikers having departed. In Brooklyn the police afforded the companies no protection and no effort was made to run cars. Arrangements have been made to call out the militia in case of a riot.

—At the Licking Rolling Mill, in Newport, Kentucky, on the evening of the 28th, Joseph Hardick and William Stenken were managing the machine used for hoisting scrap iron into the furnace. A large rope with an iron hook is attached to this machine. On the 29th, Stenken suggested to Hardick that they play a joke on Joseph Tape. They hooked the rope around Tape's neck and started the machine. It pulled Tape along till the hook caught in an iron bar and stopped, pinning the neck of the unfortunate man solidly against the bar. He was removed to his home, made his will, and expired about two hours after the accident. Tape declared before his death that it was accidental.

—Louis A. Knackstedt, paying teller of the Mullanphy Savings Bank in St. Louis, is reported to have absconded with $7500 of the funds of the bank. The young man's father has volunteered to make up the deficiency.

—The Rockport and Connelton accommodation train was thrown from the track and turned over, on the 28th, between Lincoln City and Chrisney, Indiana. There were 36 passengers in the coach, and all were shaken up, but none killed. Captain John B. Rife, of Middletown, Penna., was thrown from a carriage in Harrisburg, on the 29th and killed. His horse became frightened and ran away.

—There was practically no change in the street car strike in New York and Brooklyn on the 30th ult. The employes of the Broadway and Seventh Avenue Railroad Company were notified to report for duty, and that those who did not report would be considered discharged. In Brooklyn the car horses are growing stiff for want of exercise. Mr. Richardson refuses to meet the Board of Arbitration. The strikers seem anxious to enter into some sort of agreement, but Richardson will not listen to anything from any person from a labor organization. He is willing to meet a committee of their old employes. It was reported on the evening of the 30th ult. that the Broadway road had secured 700 men in Philadelphia to be placed on the cars this morning, and some are expected to man cars of other companies.

—John M. Clayton was shot and killed by an unknown assassin, in his room in Plummerville, Arkansas, on the evening of the 29th ult. A bill was presented in the Arkansas Senate, on the 30th ult., authorizing the Governor to offer a reward of $5000 for the arrest of the murderer or murderers. James M. Williams was shot and killed by Benjamin Skillman, in Albion, Nebraska, on the evening of the 29th ult. Skillman is the youngest brother of Rebecca Skillman, who recently charged Williams and Dr. Fernland, in an Omaha court, with malpractice.

—Charles M. Balch and his wife were found dead in bed near Walnut Springs, Texas, on the morning of the 29th ult. Both were shot through the heart. It is supposed Balch killed his wife and then committed suicide.

—State Treasurer Hart, of Pennsylvania, has issued his report for the year. The balance in the treasury on the 1st of December, 1887, was $2,380,841,47. The total receipts from all sources for the year ending November 30th, 1888, were $8,694,060,42; the total payments during the year were $7,387,866,84. leaving a balance in the treasury on the 1st of December, 1888, of $3,687,035,65.

—Three deaths occurred from smallpox at the Poor House in Onondaga county, New York, on the 30th ult., and 14 persons are down with the disease. Diphtheria in Lehigh county and along the line of Berks, in Pennsylvania, is disappearing. Diphtheria has become epidemic in Hancock county, Ohio. The schools in Big Lick, Blanchard and Marion townships have been closed, and others will be unless the progress of the disease abates. It is not of a malignant type, and deaths are few.

—Advices from Alaska say the winter there has been a very discouraging one to the people, owing to severe storms. The heaviest snow storms since 1875 occurred this winter, and traders and hunters have suffered great hardships and much delay in preparing for the coming hunting trips.

—Lewis Moore, an insurance inspector in Philadelphia, was struck and killed by a train at Media, Delaware county, Pa., on the 31st ult., while walking on the track. He was about 72 years of age.

—Two messenger boys in the employ of the Western Union Telegraph Company, in Mobile, Alabama, were arrested on the 31st ult. for breaking open the safe and stealing $150. One of the boys confessed his guilt and returned part of the money, but the other denied all knowledge of the matter.

—A telegram from Quebec says a snow slide on the Levis side of the river has destoyed P. Conture's residence, greatly damaged the residences of P. Gagne, Michael Gagne and J. Gorman, and blocked traffic from Rock street to Commercial street. The loss is $10,000.

50th CONGRESS.-Second Session.

SENATE.

In the United States Senate, on the 28th, the Army Nurses' Pension bill (giving $25 a month pension) was passed. The Diplomatic Appropriation bill was considered, and various amendments reported by the Senate committee were agreed to, among them an item of $3000 for a Consul General at Samoa. Mr. Gibson moved to insert the word "ambassador" instead of the words "envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary," as applied to France, Germany, Great Britain and Russia. After debate, pending action on the amendment, the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 29th, the amendments in relation to Samoa having been reached, the Senate went into executive session for their consideration. When the doors were reopened, Mr. Sherman made a speech giving the history of our connection with the Samoan Islands, our acquirement of the Bay of Pago-Pago for a coaling station, the present trouble in Samoa and its origin, and said: "The first thing to be done was for the United States to assert its power in the occupancy and possession of the Bay of Pago-Pago. That ought to be done immediately. It did not need war to protect a nation's right. The mere assertion of those rights, the due regard for them, the expenditure of money there, the storing of coal there, the calling of vessels there—all of these things were assertions of power, far more influential than protocols and diplomatic correspondence." He added: "I am willing to vote the sum named in the amendment ($500,000), and place it at the discretion of Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Harrison, and I have no doubt that the power thus given, to send agents there, and to send ships there, will bring about a prompt solution of this small controversy." Mr. Dolph obtained the floor, whereupon the Senate adjourned.

In the United States Senate on the 30th ult., the consideration of the Diplomatic Appropriation bill was resumed, and the amendments relating to the Samoan Islands were discussed by Messrs. Dolph, Morgan and Reagan. At the close of Mr. Reagan's speech the Senate went into executive session, and, when the doors were reopened, adjourned.

In the United States Senate on the 31st ult., the credentials of Senator-elect Higgins, of Delaware, were presented and filed. The President's message in relation to Samoa was read and referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. The House amendments to the bill to increase the pensions of those who have lost both hands were concurred in. The consideration of the Diplomatic Appropriation bill was resumed, and the amendments in regard to the Samoan Islands were, after a long debate, agreed to without a division. The amendment raising to the rank of Ambassadors the Ministers to France, Germany, Great Britain and Russia was lost, and the bill was then passed. After an executive session, in which the British extradition treaty was discussed without action, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

In the House, on the 28th, the call of States was dispensed with, and leave was given to members to fill their bills with the Clerk. The Senate bill was passed increasing the pension of soldiers and sailors who have lost both arms to $100 per month. The Senate concurrent resolution for the counting of the electoral votes on February 13th was agreed to. The Sundry Civil bill was considered, pending which the House adjourned.

In the House on the 29th, the Sundry Civil bill was passed. Mr. Dunn, from the Committee on Merchant Marine, reported a bill to provide for the better protection of the fur seal and salmon fisheries of Alaska. It was recommitted, with leave to report at any time. Adjourned.

In the House on the 30th ult., Mr. Springer moved to go into Committee of the Whole to consider the Oklahoma bill, and the motion was agreed to—134 to 54. Several amendments were adopted, among them Mr. Payson's in relation to soldiers' homesteads, and the bill was reported to the House. The Payson amendment was then agreed to, 114 to 111, and pending further action the House adjourned.

In the House on the 31st ult., the consideration of the Oklahoma bill was continued. There was much debate and several amendments were voted upon, but, pending consideration of the bill, the House adjourned.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.

SENATE.

In the Senate on the 28th the bills to establish a nautical school at Philadelphia, extending the time for closing soldiers' orphans' schools to 1895, authorizing the election of constables for three years, were passed to second reading. Adjourned.

In the Senate on the 29th ult., a bill was introduced by Mr. Harlan, providing for the election of a District Superintendent of Schools. A bill was passed providing that criminal prosecution for embezzlement by administrators, trustees or guardians may be brought within two years from the final decree of the court adjudicating the accounts of the trustees. The resolution proposing a constitutional amendment abolishing the poll tax passed second reading. Adjourned.

In the Senate on the 30th ult., the joint resolution proposing to submit the Prohibitory amendment to a popular vote was passed by a vote of 33 to 2. The House joint resolution for a committee to inspect the harbor of Philadelphi. in conjunction with committees of Councils and the New Jersey Legislature, was agreed to. Adjourned.

In the Senate on the 31st bills were introduced by Mr. Watson making election days legal holidays; by Mr. Delamater, "for the incorporation, without capital, or institutions for the purpose of saving money;" by Mr. Packer, to tax insurance companies in counties where they do business for fire department purposes, and by Mr. McCreary, to reimburse counties for expenses in making assessments of State taxes. A communication was received from the Governor announcing that he had signed the Prohibition amendment resolution. Bills were reported favorably for the renewal of provident institutions and savings banks charters; to carry out the provisions of the National Agricultural Experiment Stations law; for the maintenance of manual training schools, and making Saturday afternoon and Labor Day legal holidays.

HOUSE.

In the House on the 29th, the Supplemental Revenue bill was reported and ordered to be printed. Mr. Fow's Architectual Competition bill, and Mr. Campbell's Foreign Labor 25 Cents Tax bill were reported nagatively. Bills were introduced by Mr. Fow to regulate the running of motor street cars, and by Mr. Krebs to incorporate city passenger railway companies and to provide for the support of fire salvage corps and apparatus. The Soldiers' Appointment bill was considered and amended. Adjourned.

In the House on the 30th ult., the Supplemental Revenue bill was reported in order to be printed. A number of new bills were introduced. The bill to regulate the practice of veterinary medicine was postponed indefinitely. The anti-poll tax amendment was passed to third reading. Adjourned.

In the House, on the 31st ult., the General Appropriation bill was introduced and referred. The Senate amendment to the bill regulating terms of Councilmen, etc., in new wards was agreed to and the bill sent to the Governor. Bills were reported favorably for the protection of fish in the Delaware; for the regulation of beneficial associations; to prevent grade crossings by steam railroads, and providing "for the support of associations founded for the control of fires and to protect human life in the cities of the first and second classes." The bill to regulate the traffic in milk was reported negatively. Adjourned.

How the Yellow Fever Epidemic Originated.

At a meeting of the Virginia State Medical Society, held at Norfolk recently, Surgeon General Hamilton of the Marine Hospital Service, gave the following account of the manner in which the now-prevailing epidemic of yellow fever was introduced into this country, the details of which, he said, had been secured at a great cost to the Government and which have not as yet been published.

Last year the yellow fever appeared in Key West in the family of a restaurant keeper by the name of Baker. It appears that a family of Bolios, who had kept a hotel in Havana in various places, the last being called the Quinta-Avenida (Fifth Avenue) Hotel, unfortunately for Florida, emigrated to Key West. Their household effects under the regulations governing the regular line of steamers, could not be shipped by them, so they shipped these effects, consisting of bedding and various articles of furniture, by an irregular "tramp," not now running, called the Cochran. There was no objection officially made at Key West, as there was neither Government nor local quarantine, and the articles were landed and stored above Baker's restaurant. The Baker family died of the fever and thus the fever started, and rapidly became epidemic.

The Government, under the operation of that section of the statutes forbidding interference with local authorities, did nothing except that, on the Governor to aid the local board, they established a dispensary and paid the expenses of the city hospital. To assist in the speedy depopulation of the city a refuge camp was established at Egmont Key, at the mouth of Tampa Bay. No case from Egmont communicated the disease. The first cases in Tampa were kept secret from August to October 21st. A family of Italians by the name of Turk, fruit dealers, brought the fever into Tampa. The steamers had refused, under orders from the Hillsborough County Board of Health, to bring fruit from Havana or Key West. These Italians finding it impossible to continue in business, set up a smuggling line and brought fruit by way of Punta Gorda Bay and overland to Tampa. For this purpose the man Turk and his assistant Peep or "Pete," made frequent surreptitious visits to Key West while the disease was there epidemic, and blankets were purchased in the infected city and used while on the overland trip, and brought to Tampa. It is a significant fact that the whole family of the Italians were the first taken sick, and that they were not publicly known to have been out of the town, although the fact is now known. The measures taken by the Government were simply to comfort to the wishes of the Governor to aid the Hillsborough County Board of Health.

The duty of preventing the spread of the disease was undertaken by the Florida State Protective Association, an organization consisting of one representative from each County Board of Health, under the presidency of Dr. King Wyley, of Sandford. In December the Association raised the quarantine against Tampa. The County Board of Health asserted that the disease had disappeared, but, unfortunately, the disease had not been stamped out, and although the cases of fever lingered all winter in Tampa, its existence there was bitterly denied. From Tampa the disease spread to Plant City, Manatee and other places, and it is now believed that the fever was at Jacksonville as early as February. Dr. Guteras, of the Marine Hospital Service, an expert, says that in his judgment at least two of the cases of "society" fever, of which there were over thirty reported in Jacksonville in that month, had the well-marked clinical history of yellow fever. Nine of these cases died. Dr. Potts treated cases in Bay street in June, and there were probably cases continuously until the formal announcement was made. He said that so-called isolated cases had been reported at Jacksonville after the case in Bay street had been treated in June by Dr. Potts, but that the local authorities denied the presence of an epidemic and placed a guard around each case. This state of things existed until August 16th, when the spread of the disease in Jacksonville became so great, cases springing up in various points in the city, that could not be traced to any of the so-called isolated cases, that the authorities had to declare the disease epidemic.

Dr. Hamilton said that the disease had been introduced in Decatur, Ala., by a man who had gone from Jacksonville while all of the cases in that city had been reported under guard. His ticket had been from some point outside of the infected city, and consequently he was not denied admittance. The doctor said the fever had been introduced into Gainesville and Fernandina by base ball players, who had played a game of ball in Jacksonville before the epidemic nature of the disease had been declared, and then returned to these cities.

The Age of the Camera.

Less than fifty years ago there was not a photographic camera in the world; to-day there are 15,000 photographic establishments, to say nothing of the thousands of amateur outfits, in the United States.

He is the best diviner of dreams who is taught by his understanding.

ICE can be produced by artificial process but coal cannot. The mild winter keeps the coal bills down, and the ice machines may prevent the ice bills next Summer from going too high. Be cheerful and take the weather as it comes.

CHICAGO and St. Paul have a train service that is a little ahead of anything yet provided in this section of the country. Vestibuled trains, lighted by electricity and steam heated, seem to be about perfection.

THE dreary business of raising good money to throw after bad in the Panama Canal enterprise goes on in Paris. So much money has already been expended that somehow the work will probably be completed, but there seems to be very little hope that the original investors will get any return.

A RATHER strange affliction happened to a Missoula couple who were sleigh riding. The young man's right ear and the lady's left ear were frosted, while the other two were not cold at all. Why all four ears were not frosted is a problem which has been submitted to the high school class in physiology.

AS IT was a horse that stepped on an electric light wire in New York and was instantly killed, no inquest will be held by the Coroner, but somebody ought to investigate such accidents and keep agitating the subject of the removal of such dangerous wires from the streets until success is attained.

THE two elm trees cut down in Lunenburg, Mass., a few days ago, were more than a century old. According to Massachusetts papers, "they were planted by Capt. John Litch on the memorable dark day, May 19, 1780, when it was so dark that people could not see to read at mid-day, and many persons supposed the day of judgment had come."

A THREE day's sale by auction of the Great Eastern and her fittings has taken place at Liverpool. The catalogue contained 895 lots. The hull and fittings realized £43,000, the copper bringing £2960; the gun metal, £4480; brass, £3980; lead, 3185; outer iron plates, £12,500; beams, &c., £12,230; and anchors, about £300. The machinery brought about £10,000 in addition, making a total more than £50,000.

THE wheat fields have an unusually fine and healthy look for this season of the year, and have not as yet suffered for the want of snow covering. The fields look green, the wheat stands strong and healthy looking and appears well rooted. The only danger now is in severe cold with alternate freezing and thawing without any snow. Unless the season should prove very unfavorable later in the season the prospects for a good wheat crop next summer are very good indeed.

THE successful issue of the last trial trip of the new naval vessel Vesuvius establishes the fact that we have the fastest war ship in the world. In one part of her course recently she came within a small fraction of making 23 knots per hour, If the Vesuvius excels in the other purposes for which she is intended as she does in the matter of speed she will be a wonderfully valuable possession. With her pneumatic gun, if everything works well, she can destroy other vessels, irrespective of size or armor, at will.

THE Princess of Wales has set the fashion for a new boot which is intended for rough country walking and is impervious to any amount of damp. It is very high, buttoning nearly up to the knee, of black leather, with an inner lining of stout water-proof tweed between the leather and the kid lining. The sole is about half an inch thick. It has already been introduced at Tuxedo, where it is found a great comfort in walking and tramping about in the snow surrounding the tobogan slide.

PEOPLE who live on State street, Chicago, declare that a ghost patrols that district at midnight every night. The spectre is described as being dressed in white flowing garments and as walking on all fours. Conductors and drivers of the street cars on Forty-first street are greatly alarmed. Two of them have refused to take their cars out. Hyde Park policemen have seen the apparition and pursued it, firing their revolvers as they ran. When the spook reaches Grand Boulevard it suddenly disappears.

REPORTED "FINDS" OF VALUABLE ORES.—People in and about Woodbury, in western Connecticut, are stirred up over the discovery of traces of valuable ores and oil in that locality. It is reported that lead has been found on the farm of William Allen, in quantities yielding an average of 1500 ounces to the ton. Interspersed with this is silver which pays about 25 ounces to the ton, while there are also streak indications of gold. The field where the discovery has been made is now being dug over by mining experts, and it is believed that the "finds" will prove of great value. Traces of galena ore have also been found in a ledge at the bottom of the town house well in Woodbury, and in Southbury it is reported that the prospectors who have been looking along the bed of a small stream of oil are very hopeful of success.

Despair is the gateway to insanity.

The Bright Side.

There is many a rest in the road of life
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life
Which we pass in our idle pleasure
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, tender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends
And sit and grieve and wonder.

MR. MULTAHNEY.

Grandfather didn't leave me his property, after all. I might have known he wouldn't, because he said he would. Grandfather always did something entirely different from what he set out to do.

There, for instance, was the day—we had just got nicely settled in our country home—that we were all waiting patiently for the cow grandfather wanted to buy and brought an organ instead. Nobody could play on it. Grandfather said somebody could learn, but nobody ever did, and so we had to try and console ourselves for the disappointment of reflecting what a fine addition to our somewhat scanty parlor furniture the organ was, until the morning grandfather suddenly made up his mind that he needed another horse, and brought our gentle, star-faced Daisy home.

There were four of us in the family; grandfather, mother, the sweetest and dearest woman that ever lived, myself, a plain, quiet girl of five-and-twenty; and my cousin Etta, just of age, but looking about 17—pretty, selfish, idle and vain.

Now you're thinking I added the last three adjectives on account of the first one. But I didn't upon my word, for I tried my very best to love the blue-eyed, fair haired, teasing thing when she first came among us, her father and mother both having died during the previous year; but I couldn't; she was so thoroughly wrapped up in herself, and so utterly insensible to even the rights of others.

Grandfather was forever scolding and finding fault about her, and wondering how his grave, honest, elder son John came to have such a good-for-naught daughter, and always praising me, who was the child of his second son William, and saying that I was the comfort of his life, and should have the cottage and grounds when he died, but I "must promise"—this was the invariable conclusion—"to take care of Etta until she married, which is sure to be before long, as men are always taken with a pretty, doll-like face and kitten-ish ways, and never care much for sensible-looking, sensible-acting girls like you, my dear."

Of course I promised, although I hadn't the slightest idea of grandfather's dying soon when he talked in this way. One day having started to build a hen-coop, and beginning to dig a well instead, he had a terrible chill and died in an hour.

And when his will was read the day after the funeral, I, for one, was very little surprised to hear that all his possessions, with the exception of $500 to my mother and $500 to myself, were left to "that good-for-naught," the daughter of his son John.

And it was only a week after the reading of the will when my cousin Etta said to me, with a calmness and coolness somewhat astonishing in such a babyish looking little thing; "You must be looking for another home. Faith. I am going to marry James Read"—a young man grandfather had detested—"in a short time, and we will want the whole cottage ourselves.

So mother and I went up into our room—a fine large square room it was, right over the porch, and held a consultation as to what we had better do.

I wasn't well enough educated to be a governess, and, besides that, mother and I couldn't bear the thought of being separated—we never had been since the day father died, ten years before; and we finally came to the conclusion that a small store was the very thing.

What kind should it be? was the next question.

"The only thing that I think of I said, as at all suitable is a fancy store, with a great variety of small goods. That I am sure we could manage, and make enough to support us comfortably all our lives long; for of course I shall never marry, being so plain and sensible, as grandfather used to say, and we will never never, be parted;" and I kissed her, and she kissed me in return, with a tender look in her gray eyes (mother has the softest and tenderest gray eyes in the world); and the very next day we set about looking for the store, and in less than a week had found it; a nice new little place in a thriving village a few miles away from grandfather's—I mean Cousin Etta's—cottage, just completed the very morning the agent sent us to look at it. The street on which it stood was the main one of the village, and before the door grew a splendid old hickory tree, which made it less sad to part with our oak; and directly opposite was a large comfortable-looking house sitting well back from the road, with half an acre of garden about it.

Well, that small store did look pretty when mother and I put the finishing touches to the contents of the good-sized window, and stepped out on the sidewalk to observe the general effect.

It was a lovely sunshiny summer morning, and feeling singularly hopeful and cheerful after observing the general effect, I seated myself in the sitting-room at the back of the store and waited for my first customer.

Mother went into the tiny kitchen and began making cherry tarts, and had just called to me to come and see how splendid the cherries were, when the store bell rang loudly, and some one came in and shut the door with a bang.

I went out as quickly as I could, and there stood a rather stout middle-aged gentleman, very red in the face, and evidently in very bad temper.

"Look at that, ma'am, look at that," said he, as I came forward, holding out his hand and directing my attention to the buttonless wristband of his shirt sleeve. "No buttons, and I buy buttons by the gross, and, by heavens, there's never one in the house. You keep buttons?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll take one—and you look as though you would sew it on for me."

"With pleasure," said I, going for a needle and thread, with a smile, for it struck me as being somewhat odd that my first customer should want one shirt button, and almost demand my services as a seamstress, and it was with the greatest difficulty I resumed and kept a demure countenance while sewing it on.

"Um?" said the gentleman, half aloud, as I fastened the thread; "nice, though not at all handsome, and would wear well I should think."

I looked up and saw his eyes fixed upon a crimson and green rose and-bud tidy (one of mother's prettiest patterns), and thought that if it didn't suit him, he must be hard to suit in the way of tidies.

After the gentlemen had said "Good-day, ma'am," to mother, who came into the store looking as sweet as a roll and "thank you miss," to me, and gone away, we had a dozen or more callers, among them two dear little girls, to whom mother gave the two biggest cherry tarts; and altogether our first day of shopkeeping was a profitable one, it was the beginning of my business life, anyhow.

We soon discovered that the jolly-faced gentleman was the owner of the comfortable-looking house across the way, Mr. Multahney by name (though that blessed mother of mine always called him Mr. Mullagatawny, after a fashion she had of mixing up names in her mind, as, for instance, calling the baker, Mr. Black, "Mr. White," and our old lawyer, whom we had known for twenty years, "Mr. France," instead of Mr. Paris.)

His wife had died nearly two years before we came to the village, and the household since that time had been in the charge of an old nurse, who was totally incompetent to manage so large an establishment.

"But you see, ma'am," said Mr. Multahney, one afternoon, to my mother. "I couldn't place any one over nurse. I would break her heart, and I'm not good at breaking hearts—never was and never will be; but, to tell the truth, ma'am, we're all at sixes and sevens at our house. Bless your heart, ma'am, I found Rosie and Frankie yesterday afternoon just about playing tea party with the little tea-set I bought her the day before; and what do you suppose they had for tea and milk and pudding sauce, ma'am?"

"I'm sure I can't guess, Mr. Mullagatawny," said mother.

"Laudanum in the tea-pot, hydrate of chloral in the milk jug, and arnica in the sauce-boat! Yes, ma'am, they had taken the bottles from my medicine chest, which nurse had placed on the floor of my room while she tried to capture the canary which Mollie had let out of its cage."

"The darlings!" said my mother, kissing the dear little upturned face of the child on her knee.

"Certainly, ma'am," said Mr. Multahney; "but I was frightened all the more because they are darlings, and I came nearer discharging nurse than I ever did before, and I've been devilish near it before, ma'am; but the young ones set up such a hullabaloo that, to stop it, I was glad to let her stay. And so, ma'am, the old confusion and mismanagement goes on, with meals so irregular that I don't know whether I'm eating my breakfast or my lunch, my dinner or my supper."

"I assure you I sympathize with you heartily," said my dear mother.

"I believe you do, ma'am. Good-evening," said Mr. Multahney, carrying sleepy little Mollie away in his arms.

The Multahney children were the most lovable children I ever met.

Harry, the oldest, named after his father was a frank-faced, merry-hearted boy, immensely pleased when I made him a gay neck-tie, or hemmed his new handkerchief, or arranged a bouquet for his button-hole.

The second child was Lily—a bright little thing, and, like all the human Lillies I have ever known, brown as a berry.

It was her delight to keep store. It's awful cunning to truly sell things, Miss Faith, Faith, Faithey," was the burden of her song; "and when I grow up I mean to have a store zackly like this. if papa will let me; or p'r'aps you'll take me for a partner, dear Faith—papa has a partner."

"Most certainly I will, my dear, I promise, if at that time you continue to wish it, and papa consents."

Then came Robbie, a lame little fellow, with large serious brown eyes and pale wistful face, who had fallen from the high porch one day. Mother and I used to spend hour after hour telling him stories, and reading to him from his favorite fairy books, and teaching him pretty verses, which he was very fond of reciting. We had a small lounge on purpose for him in our pleasant sitting-room, and when the noise at the big house made him nervous and restless he would limp over to us, and lie down, his head on a soft little pillow I had made, and on which I had embroidered his name, and his pet kitten curled up by his side. He was only six years old, but a wise little chap for his years; and I used to smile, with a tear in my eye, when he said, as he often did, "I don't know how I ever lived before you and Auntie Welton came here. I was so sick, and papa had to go away every day, and Harry and Lily went to school, and the little children teased me awful. I think the fairies sent you here—don't you?"

Three more girls followed Robbie—Rosie and Frankie (round, rosy, dimpled wee bodies, with a great liking for mother's tarts) and Mollie, the two-year-old baby.

The shirt button I gave away on "opening-day" brought us luck, for the Multahney family bought more at our store than any other three families in the village, never going, as some of the well-to-do people did, to the neighboring city for things which we had equally good and cheap, but getting everything they could get from mother and me.

Well, life went on smoothly and happily, mother growing prettier every day, and Mr. Multahney and nurse and the children in and out all the time, and before we were really aware that autumn had left us, behold, it was the day before Christmas!

Mother and I had bought a large assortment of toys and candies, and had been well patronized all day, but were disappointed and surprised when evening came and 9 o'clock struck and Mr. Multahney had not made his appearance; for the dear, romping, laughing children had confided to us, weeks before, what gifts they hoped Santa Claus would bring them; and, of course, we had procured them all, with the exception of a pony for Harry and a diamond ring for Lily, which articles were a little beyond our means, and had laid them aside to produce when the indulgent father asked our advice on the subject, as we were sure he would.

But the clock had scarcely ceased striking when he came in.

The small store looked uncommonly pretty dressed in Christmas greens and bright paper flowers, and we had four wax candles on the counter and two in the window, besides the regular lamps; and I wore my new gray merino dress, with a blue bow at the throat and another in my hair (my hair doesn't ripple and wave as much as mother's, but it is the very same color), and mother wore her gray dress, with a handsome black lace rosette among the waves and ripples.

"Very pretty, indeed!" said Mr. Multahney, going up to the stove to warm his hands a moment, and then turning his back upon it and smiling approvingly around.

"We're trying to rig up a Christmas tree at our house, Mrs. Welton," he went on to say, "and I'd be pleased to have you and Miss Faith come over as you can and give us the benefit of your excellent taste. The children will be gone to bed in a few moments—"

Just then the store door flew open, and the two eldest children came running in, little Robbie limping after them.

"Oh, papa!" cried Lily, "nurse says if you don't come back 'mediately she'll go crazy, for we will peep into the room where she's fixing something, and pound on the door when she locks us out, and the grocer forgot the raisins and currants for the pudding, and—"

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said Mr. Multahney, grasping his curly black hair as though he meant to tear it out then and there.

"I will go with you, Mr. Mullagatawny," said my mother, distressed for the poor man, as she always is for anybody in trouble, "and do all I can toward preparing a merry Christmas for you."

"Thank you ma'am," said Mr. Multahney. "It's very kind of you; and if anybody can bring order out of disorder, you can. I wish from the bottom of my heart you would stay there forever!"

Mother looked at him in mild surprise, and went for her bonnet and shawl.

"Please come too, Miss Faith, for half an hour," said Mr. Multahney, coaxingly; "we can come back to the store afterward, and—"

"And I wish you'd stay forever," broke in that darling Harry, who had been prancing about, flourishing a wooden sword he had taken from the counter.

"And so do I," said dear little Robbie, climbing upon the stool at my side and putting his arms about my neck. Don't you papa?"

"With all my heart," said papa.

Why don't she?" asked Lily, dropping the cat and looking earnestly up in her father's face. "We all love her dearly—best of any body but you."

"The Gray children have a new mamma,' said that dreadful Harry, 'and she ain't half as nice as Faith and Faith's mother."

I felt the blushes rising to my face and spreading all over it, until I must have been red from my chin to my forehead and away back to my ears.

"My dear Faith," said Mr. Multahney, his eyes sparkling mischievously "the children have proposed to you. Will you accept them—and me?"

I stood confused and silent; for though I liked Mr. Multahney very, very much, I had never thought of him as a husband, having, in the first place, made up my mind to be an old maid, and, in the next, never having suspected for an instant that he thought of me save as the daughter of my mother, she being so much more attractive. When mother returned:

"Say yes, dear Fairy," whispered Robbie, kissing my cheek.

"Say yes, Miss Faith," shouted Harry, "and we'll have no end of fun."

"Say yes, say yes, say yes!" teased Lily.

"Yes to what?" asked my mother, smilingly.

"To a question I've just asked her," answered Mr. Multahney "whether she would be my wife."

"Mr. Mullagatawny!" said my mother; and then laid her bonnet on a chair and sat down upon it.

"Why, ma'am, there's nothing surprising about my part of the affair," said Mr. Multahney. "A young lady, sunny-faced, sweet tempered, devoted to her mother, endowed, in fact, with more virtues than any woman I have ever met before, comes to a country place where a poor devil of a widower is struggling along with six young children, and from the very first day she smiles on him his life seems brighter, and ever since that day she and her no less charming mother have quietly done all they could to promote his happiness and that of the children, and the children have grown to love them both, and so has the father too. And I shall be honored, proud and honored, ma'am, if you will accept me for a son-in-law, and Faith for a husband."

"Mrs. Mullagatawny!" murmured my mother. "I never thought Faith would have such a queer name as that. But, dear me" (in a louder tone), "it isn't hers yet, and perhaps never will be."

"Don't say that," said Mr. Multahney, with emphasis, "or I'll go and drown myself."

The children set up a howl, Robbie hanging around my neck, and Harry and Lily clinging to their father. "Oh! oh! oh! our darling papa going to drown himself! Dear, dear, dear Miss Faith, you won't let papa drown himself?"

"I won't," said I.

ONE OF THE FINEST.

A Four-Year-Old Joins the New York Police Force and Thinks It's Fun.

A street Arab found a little fellow wandering around aimlessly near Thirty-fourth street and Broadway. He took him in charge and handed him over to the sergeant of the Thirtieth Street Police station, saying that he thought "the kid too well dressed and too young to be about the streets." When the sergeant asked the boy what his name was he said that it was Charley Smith.

"Where do you live?" asked the sergeant, kindly.

"Don't know exactly; somewhere near Central park, I guess. I'm Central Park Charley. Guess I am lost, ain't I?"

"Yes, I think you are," answered the sergeant, with a laugh. "What's your father's name?"

"Charley; same as mine. Say, mister, I like you. I don't mind stopping here."

"Well, you're welcome. Come into the back room and make yourself at home," and the man took the curly haired child into the patrol room. When Charley reached the room there were some sixty big policemen there, washing up, polishing their boots and getting ready to go before the captain before relieving the day force. They all shook hands with the little fellow and gave him so many pennies that the pockets of his diminutive ulster were filled.

'This is a pretty fine place," he said to a red faced, smiling policeman.

"Oh, yes," answered the other with a grin, "it's fine."

"I think I'd like one of those sticks," said Charley. "Would they care if I took one?" pointing to the rack of police clubs.

"Now, you're a policeman," said one of the men, wiping his dripping face and bending over the child. He marched gravely around, saluting all the men with his club almost as tall as he. The laughing fellows clapped their hands in approval and the child bowed low with great dignity. Some one mentioned the captain's name, and Charley said he guessed he'd go see the captain. They asked him to fall in line with the rest, and the little fellow did so, his stick over his shoulder. He marched by the side of a big roundsman, whose knees almost came up to the boy's head. As the line filed out the door and before the captain's desk, the young policeman stamped time with his little boots, marching proudly with the others. The men were all laughing at the boy's jaunty air and Capt. Reilly called out sharply. "Order." They could not stop laughing, however, and the captain rose from his seat and looked sternly at the fifty or more men. As he leaned over his desk he saw the rosy face of the boy looking up at him.

"Hello, captain," said Charley, nodding his head at the grizzled one just above him.

"Well," said the captain, breathlessly, "who are you?"

"Policeman Charley, of Central park," said the boy knowingly, saluting with his big club.

"Well, Policeman Charley," said the captain, "just sit up here alongside of me. I will detail you on special duty."

The little chap was lifted up on one of the high stools next to the captain's. He looked over the register, pretended to read all the letters within his reach, brushed a thread from the captain's coat, and then began industriously to scrawl all over the papers before him with a pen. He and the captain had a friendly chat for half an hour. Then the two dined together, and afterward the captain hunted around until he found a smaller club for the boy. When he was taken away the next day, all the men gave him a hearty farewell and the captain gave him a watch charm and a quarter as a reward for faithful service. Charley said when he left the station that "being policeman was fun."

Speech and Silence.

An old adage reads, "Speech is silver; but Silence is golden!"

Like other general sayings, it is not always applicable. There are times when speech is golden, and silence is shameful.

For instance when the vile tongue of slander assails the fair fame of a friend, to keep silent is base. When wrong or injustice is being done to the helpless and weak, to keep silence is cruel. When scoffers sneer and skeptics laugh at our faith, to keep silence is cowardly.

And yet there are times when silence is golden.

When anger arises, and bitter words rush from the overcharged heart to the lips, then indeed should the golden seal of silence be placed upon the tongue.

And ah! how golden is silence when we are tempted to ridicule the unfortunate!—to be witty at the expense of a friend,—or to be sarcastic in speaking of the faults of those who err through ignorance!

The Author's Hardest Task.

Probably the most difficult task in the construction of a story is the management of conversations, so that the individuality of the dramatic personæ may not be hopelessly mixed. The author must keep each character definitely before his mind's eye, so that he may see it as distinctly as he would an intimate friend embodied in the flesh

FASHION NOTES.

—Evening gloves should meet the sleeves, of whatever length. In some cases they reach quite to the shoulders.

—The long "Directoire" coats are usually worn with plainly draped skirts, but when they reveal only the immediate front the foundation is made of Russell cord or alpaca in a corresponding color, and faced only in front with the material.

—White dresses for home wear are even more fashionable than last season, only they are no longer made of vigogne, a rough, heavy material which does not drape at all nicely. The fabric in vogue is fine white cloth, soft, light and warm, which fits beautifully and is wonderfully becoming.

—Elegant visiting dresses are made with the jacket bodice opening over a vest of white cream or pale rose colored cloth, with a trimming of light gold brandebourgs across and gold buttons in the middle. Others are notched out at the top and at the basque, showing a bit of gold embroidery or of brocaded galloon, in the Russian and Byzantine style.

—Bodices are still very jaunty, with cutaway, rounding or sharp pointed fronts, shorter sides and sharp points at the back and set one above another shaped to flare a little,. Collars a la militaire are still in high vogue, especially at the back; for a front the collar very usually turns with a natty revers, which is braided, velvet faced or otherwise decorated to match the trimming on other portions of the gown.

—Home and evening dresses are made with narrow skirts, very close fitting on the hips, and defining the figure as much as possible, while the long trains of casaque and Princess dresses, gathered at the top, and without tournure or steels, except two small ones at the top, flow in low graceful folds at the back. Tournures are only worn with walking dresses to keep out the short skirt, and then only small steels are used, and so as not to be detected.

—This is more of a fur than a lace season, for the reason that the prevailing popular fancy seizes with avidity everything that has a Russian suggestion about it. Russian styles are more generally admired just now than are les modes Parisienne. The Russian redingote, a long, straight garment, is much worn. One worn at a recent luncheon was made of Lincoln green broadcloth. On one side a panel was lifted displaying a skirt of plain green cloth, light olive in color, heavily worked with silver braid. The Russ an paletot is one of the favorite wraps, also the jaunty Russian jackets braided so closely that the cloth beneath is barely visible, and buttoned across, double-breasted, with ornamental "frogs," which are in high popularity.

—So infatuated is the fashionable girl of to-day with out-of-door sports that she hesitates to relinquish them even when the winter crispness creeps into the air, and the costumes for these same exercises cause her no less concern than do the proportionately elaborate gowns she wears in the drawing room. And the girl who takes no more than one of these sports has considerable designing to do, for to be strictly correct she must have a respective costume for each. The wardrobe of many a fashionable lady includes a trim fitting riding habit of cloth, of course, a hunting costume of dark hued corduroy, a tennis suit of striped flannel, a driving costume of serge, with warm cloth jacket and hood, finished off with the indispensable castor gloves, and she even singles out a special toilet for her early morning walk, which is usually a striped or small checked woolen goods, supplemented with a jaunty English jacket and a felt English walking hat. Mrs. Cleveland has, by the way, stimulated the feminine ambition to learn how to shoot at a target. Rifle practice was one of this much-copied lady's favorite pastimes during her autumn sojourn in the Adirondacks.

—A more simple costume was of gray cloth and velvet. The skirt was gathered and quite plain, with just a flow of gray ribbon on one side. But the velvet jacket is exquisite in shape and cut, moulding the figure to perfection, and trimmed with beautiful embroidery in gray silk and soutache. The upper part of each front is covered with this embroidery, the pattern simulating the fronts of a short Figaro jacket rounded off under the arm. Epaulets of the same cover the upper part of the sleeves, which are of gray cloth. The velvet jacket remains slightly open in front over the cloth bodice, which forms a sort of vest, buttoned down the middle; it comes down in a long point on each side.

Another dress is of tan colored cloth. The back of the skirt is slightly draped; the side and front are arranged in triple plaits, and each plait is ornamented with a peaked pattern of black silk braiding; the bodice is plain, with tight sleeves; there is a light braided pattern on each front and at the top of the sleeves, also on the collar and on the wrists; a full ruffle of black crepe lisse comes down the front of the bodice to the bottom of the waist.

—A pretty home dress for a young lady is of white cloth, trimmed with dead gold braid two inches wide. The skirt is quite simple, gathered round the waist, just draped least bit in front, to break the monotony of the plain straight folds. There are three rows of the braid; they come down from the waist on the right side, and, are continued at the foot, but only as far as the left side, not coming up again, but finished each just beyond the other, the upper one being the shorter. The bodice is a Paysanne jacket, lined with gold colored surah. A chemisette of white gauged surah is worn inside the vest. Three large buttons of white cloth, embroidered with gold, are placed on each side down the front, and a sash of dark blue velvet goes around the waist, and is fastened into two long loops and lapels at the back.

Another was of beige cloth over a white cloth skirt, embroidered Oriental fashion in several shades of copper and gold.

HORSE NOTES.

—Long Dance will be backed by his owner for the Kentucky Derby.

—The two New Orleans pool-rooms cleared about $60,000. last year.

—It is reported that James Goldsmith will condition his stable of campaigners on the Fashion Farm track.

—Rumor has it that the real purchaser and the real owner of Galore, the crack English race-horse, is Mr. Astor.

—R. Tucker has matched Strideaway against the mare Nellie for a quarter of a mile dash, $500 a side, to be decided shortly at New Orleans.

—The Northwestern Breeders' Association will hold its annual meeting for 1889 at Washington Park, Chicago, August 20 to 24 inclusive.

—J. M. Pettit will drive for A. J. Haws, of Johnstown, Pa., the coming season. The string will consist of Decorator (2.23¼) and the pacers Patsy Clinker (2.20) and Harry H. (2.22½).

—Captain John B. Wilgus, a Lexington (Ky.) horse breeder and backer, died recently from a cancer, aged 65 years. The stallion Allie West, sire of Jewett, 2.22½, was owned by Mr. Wilgus.

—Robert Steel, of Philadelphia, purchased in California the stallion Antevolo, 2.19½, 5 years old, by Electioneer, dam Columbine by A. W. Richmond, and the horse will soon be quartered at Cedar Park Stud. Reported $30,000.

—John Splan is kept busy with his book. It will be interesting as well as useful. There are many subscribers for it, and there should be a number of "second money" horses first under the wire next season since the book will how show to win.

—The Executive Committee of the Driving Club of New York has decided to give a spring meeting and also to renew the Fleetwood and Morrisania stake races of $5000 each at the fall meeting. The Morrisania stake is for a 3.00 class and the Fleetwood for 2.25 class.

—"Plunger" Walton, since going into the hotel business in the East, has been vainly endeavoring to sell the last relic of his racing days, the famous stallion, imported Richmond. The equine is now at Captain Sam Brown's stable being used for stud purposes.

—The Washington Park Stakes, which closed January 15, filled well. The Quickstep has 175 nominations; Lakeview Handicap, 150; Dearborn Handicap, 65; Maiden Stakes 84; Boulevard, 53, Oakwood Handicap, 96, and Great Western Handicap, 54.

—Frank Herdic, the poolseller, arrived in Philadelphia from Texas January 18th looking as jolly as usual, although he claims to have dropped $2500 by backing the runners at New Orleans. Frank says he left everything all right on his 1100 acre ranch in the Lone Star State.

—James O'Neill, of New York, who carries on the horseshoeing shop of the late Dan Mace, makes most of the shoes for the trotting horses that are shipped to foreign countries. When Mollie Wilkes was shipped eight dozen pairs of shoes went with her. They were made in Mr. O'Neill's shop.

—The noted stallion General Stanton, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam the Keefe mare, by One-eyed Kentucky Hunter, died on January 10 at Thorold, Canada, from blood poisoning. General Stanton was the sire of Fides, 2.22¼; Nettie T., 2.22¼, and Geraldine, 2.28¼, and was owned by John Batten, of Thorold, at the time of his death.

—In the last twelve years the get of imp. Billett, Messrs. Clay & Woodford's stallion that died in Kentucky recently, started in 3061 races, of which they won 542 and $580 747.50. The best of Billet's get were Miss Woodford, Volturno, Runnymede, Barnes, Raceland, Sir Dixon, Belle of Runnymede, Burton, Elias Lawrence Belvidere, Blue Wing, Binnette, The Lioness. Rosalind Bengal, Ballston and Brookwood.

—The Pullman Car Company has been engaged to build a number of cars especially adapted for the transportation of horses from one point to another. These cars can be attached to express and other fast trains, avoiding the inconvenience and delay incident to freight trains now generally used in transporting horses. Each car will have room for sixteen horses; and will be fitted up with special regard for the comfort of the animals.

—D. Swigert, of the Elmendorf stud, has purchased of Crooker & McDonald, of New York city; on private terms, the bay colt Gaudeloupe, formerly Hayden Edwards, 4 years old, by Prince Charley, dam Nannie Bay, by Glenelg, and he will breed Triangle, the dam of Champagne Charley, Salini, the dam of Salvator, and other noted mares to him. Gaudeloupe was never started, owing to an accident, but he possessed a high private reputation. At a year old he sold for $1910, and he cost his new owner a considerable sum in excess of that amount.

—Glenelg heads the list of winning sires for 1888, sixty-two of his get having started 761 times, winning 121 races (110 times second) and $131.12. Glenelg headed the list in 1887, 1886 and 1884, while he was fifth in 1885. Last season his largest winners were Los Angeles and Firenzi, furnishing between them the sum $71,631, the former winning thirteen races out of twenty six starts and the sum of $36,075, and Firenzi thirteen races out of twenty two starts and $35,656.

—Sixty seven of the get of Longfellow, including one, Mystic, who is not registered, his alleged dam, Undine, never having been reported to the editor of the Stud Book, won 137 races in 1888 of the aggregate gross value of $118,381. The Bard, who was defeated but once in eight starts in 1888, and then by Firenzi in record time, himself pulling up lame, heads the list with not quite $20,000, and is followed by Hypocrite and Lavinia Bell, with a trifle over $10,000 each. Melodrama, a 3 year old, started 38 times, but won only 10 times and $2150.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, FEB. 7, 1889.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Mrs. John Smith, of this place, has been taken quite ill.

——A Lewistown paper cautions against the sugar beet agents now in that county.

——Teams with ice were frequent on the roads this week. The ice has a thickness of 6 to 7 inches.

——Commissioner John D. Decker advertises his sale, Feb. 26, in another column of the REPORTER.

——We are informed that the patent butter agents have scooped in several thousand dollars in this county.

——The Stonemill dam was never so lively with men getting out ice, as on Monday and Tuesday of this week.

——Mr. Bumiller has dropped lightning slinging and taken charge of the *Journal* again with the purpose of staying, no doubt.

——Application has been made for the incorporation of a new bank at Mifflinburg, to be called the "Farmers' Bank"—capital $50,000.

——Boro and township elections Feb. 19. The local offices are important and closely interest the citizens. Let good men be selected for these places.

——Corn chopped in the ear at the Centre Hall roller mills. Farmers can take their grist on return trip with very little delay, whether chop or flour.

——The other day William Keller, of Sandy Ridge, Centre county, had his face cut from the corner of his mouth almost to the ear by a kick from a horse.

——Snowshoe has a prettier post-office than any town of its size in the county, and besides has a young lady to attend it, Miss Sheets, who is both obliging and handsome.

——Centre Hall is getting to be one of the largest stations on our railroad for shipping prop timber. Teams are constantly on the road delivering the stuff for shipment.

——A clergyman out in Wichita, Kansas, has been asked to resign because his sermons are too long, and a clergyman in a neighboring town has been asked to resign because his sermons are too broad.

——There is sadness in the realms of royalty. The crown prince of Austria, the king of Annam and the sultan of Vitu has passed away within the last few days. There is no royal road to longevity.

——Emanuel Ettinger, the oldest resident of Aaronsburg, is quite ill. Mr. Ettinger had enjoyed remarkable good health all his lifetime, and has been active in attending to all his duties, up to his advanced age.

——The groundhog came out on Saturday—looked aside—saw his shadow—made a squeal—kicked up his heels—and popped into his hole. And because this is thus we are to have six weeks of cold weather yet.

——An American, after dining at a London restaurant, paid his bill and was about leaving, when the waiter suggested that the amount did not include the waiter. "Ah," said the man, "but I didn't eat the waiter.

——Wednesday morning we had the full benefit of the blizzard reported coming from the west the day before. The thermometer was 6 to 10 below zero, and a high wind blowing. The change in temperature began on Tuesday evening.

——Our townsman, D. F. Luse, went and got married without making any blow about it, and the first news of it spread by the blow, or serenade, of the band, at his residence, Tuesday night. The bride and groom have the congratulations of the REPORTER.

——A watch lost by a Snyder county farmer two years ago was found in the throat of one of his cows which choked to death the other morning. She had found it in a straw stack. Instead of that cow winding up the watch the watch wound up the keow.

——The ground hog saw his shadow on 2, and disgusted with his appearance he crept back into his hiding place again to snoose for six weeks, while the outside world will have six weeks of freezing weather. Well the ice-men will fell encouraged and pray that the critter will be a reliable prophet.

——Between 3 and 4 o'clock, on Monday afternoon, William Kline, a son of J. W. Kline, of Bellefonte, while walking on the track half a mile east of Conemaugh, was struck by empty engine 1149 and had his leg broken and was otherwise injured. He was taken to the Johnstown hospital where his injuries were attended to. He is a young man.

——The hand of the lumberman is marked along the once beautifull and shaded drive thro the mountain gap between this place and Bellefonte. The trees on both sides of the pike have been cut down exposing the road to the rays of the sun; it will no longer be a cool summer drive. A sawmill at the farther end of the gap has devoured the timber. 'Tis a pity the woodman could not spare those trees.

—Mifflin county has a "Honey Creek"—and that would be a sweet and delicious place for a bath, says the Centre Hall REPORTER. Editor Kurtz should come over and try it some morning when the mercury is at zero and see how sweet and delicious is would be, is the refreshing invitation of the Lewistown *Democrat & Sentinel*. We should like to inquire first whether there are trout in that stream—natural to suppose there'd be 'suckers."

——A. Luckenbach writes the REPORTER from Boone county, Nebraska:

We are having the nicest kind of weather out here in Nebraska; no snow, no blizzards, so far this winter. Roads are dusty, and warm sunshine nearly every day. We had beautiful weather since the middle of September; no rain of any account; to-day, ground-hog day is clear and pleasant, not a cloud to be seen yet at ten o'clock.

THE MURDER TRIAL.

The trial of Buranoski for the murder of Andrew Cassidy, near Phillipsburg, was taken up in court on Thursday, last. The following gentlemen composed the jury:

Joseph B. Miller, who is a farmer of Spring township.

Ira Marshall, a Benner township farmer.

Jesse Fredericks, a carpenter living in Unionville.

Cornelius Stover, a teacher living in Miles township.

W. A. Kerr, a Potter township farmer.

John Kuhns, of College township, also a farmer.

M. S. Graham, a barber living in Bellefonte.

Robert Meek, a Ferguson township farmer.

Ira Packer, a saddler, living in Howard.

John Sheffler, a laborer, of Benner township.

Samuel F. Kline, a merchant of Howard.

Joseph Strouse, a farmer of College township.

C. P. Hewes opened the case in an able manner to the jury.

The evidence on the part of the commonwealth was strongly against the prisoner.

The Hungarians who were witnesses for the accused swore the shooting was accidental and left that impression with a large portion of the audience before the jury went out. The jury went out on Saturday afternoon at about 3 p. m. and returned about 5 p. m. with a verdict of "not guilty," which seemed to be received with general satisfaction.

The case, on both sides, was entirely conducted by the young members of the bar, who acquitted themselves creditably and showed that we have a crop of legal talent coming on to fall back upon when the older ones have dropped out and have their eulogies pronounced by Gov. Curtin who will most likely be spared many years yet, for that agreeable purpose, by Providence.

The case on side of Commonwealth was represented by Dist. At. Meyers and C. P. Hewes. For the prisoner were lawyers E. R. Chambers, W. F. Reeder and W. E. Gray.

THE SENTENCES.

John S. Bagley, the man who was found guilty of assault with intent to kill was sentenced, on Monday, on only one indictment. The sentence was confinement for five years and six months in the Western penitentiary. The other indictment will be held over him. If he returns to the county and conducts himself properly it will never be called up; if not, he can be sentenced on the other indictment.

The negro who stole coats from a party of hunters, was sentenced to one year and fifteen days imprisonment in the penitentiary.

The Hungarians were fined $50 each for furnishing whiskey.

GRANGE MEETING.

The Co. Grange held their regular meeting in this place on Tuesday, and was attended by some of their best men as delegates. Isaac Frain, master of the Co. Grange, is a solid, practical farmer, a gentleman of sound and liberal views, and not a one-idea crank, and is a ready talker. James Gilliland, of Oak Hall, is the secretary, and a more efficient one would be hard to find. The organization is thus well manned and with some solid farmer material as standbys the order no doubt will show a creditable minute sheet of its proceedings with the good of the order and not mere personal ends the aim of the sincere granger.

BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY.

At a meeting of the board of trustees, in Philadelphia last evening, William C. Gretzinger was elected business manager is a member of the senior class, and has natural business qualities which will enable him to fill this position satisfactorily. His duties begin on the 1st of July proximate.

COLIC IN HORSES.

For colic in horses take one teaspoonful of the salt of tartar to one pint of water; shake well, and drench the animal with it, and if not relieved in one half hour, repeat the dose; but you generally will not have to repeat the dose.

FALL AND WINTER.

Get a new suit and overcoat from Montgomery & Co., Tailors, Bellefonte. They are so much cheaper than ready made clothing. They have also a full stock of Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, and Gentlemen's Furnishings.

MONTGOMERY & Co., Tailors,
Bellefonte.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

——Rochester Clothing House, Bellefonte, for fine clothing.

——If you wish to be well dressed in latest styles, go to Fleming, Bellefonte.

——For a fine and cheap winter suit go to Fleming, the fashionable tailor, Bellefonte.

——A cold wave set in on Tuesday evening, and the groundhog still holds its own.

——If you wish a dress suit give Fleming, the tailor, your order and you will not regret it.

——Ready-made clothing of every description and quality at the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte.

——Mrs. Emanuel Smith, near Farmers Mills, will make sale of her house hold goods Feb. 16.

——Fleming, the fashionable tailor, Bellefonte, has gained quite a reputation for cheap and well made suits.

——Fleming, the fashionable tailor Bellefonte, makes the cheapest and best fitting suits in the county.

——How can petty cases be kept out of court? is a question that might be profitably thought over and acted upon.

——Fauble keeps the finest stock of ready made clothing in the county and cannot be undersold by any competitor.

——Novels by Scott, Goldsmith, Verne, Haggard, Duchess, Dora Thorne, Hugh Conway etc., on sale at Murrays' Drug store.

——Mrs. James Smetzler has purchased the new house and lot, near the station, which Hiram Durst recently purchased of Jacb Lee. Price $1000.

——Fauble's line for eady made clothing is complete in every particular, and cannot be beat by any dealer in the county.

COKE OVENS IDLE.

All the cokeovens in the Snowshoe region are idle and have been for nearly a year. These ovens were operated by the Lehigh company and a large number of men had employment many of whom have gone elsewhere while those remaining have little to do. There has also been a dullness in the soft coal and lumber operations in the Snowshoe region. This state of affairs has had a depressing effect upon business out there, which is unusual as Snowshoe enjoyed great business prosperity for a number of years.

The idleness of the cokeovens is caused by the Connellsville coke syndicate which the Lehigh company at Snowshoe refused to join. As a punishment for this the Connellsville syndicate have put the price of coke down so low that Snowshoe could not compete and had to shut down her ovens. As an example: Connellsville coke is shipped to Bellefonte for less money, $1.25 per ton, than the Lehigh company can afford to put it there altho only some 20 miles to ship while Connellsville coke has to travel near 200 miles.

The Lehigh company will not start its ovens unless they get $1.50 for coke, and will abandon the field to the syndicate until the Connellsville coke trust gets tired of shipping their product to market at unprofitable figures, when the fires in the Snowshoe ovens will be lighted up again and bring a return of prosperity to that region.

The Lehigh company is rich and does not seem to care whether school keeps or not, and will let its treasure lie where it will not rot.

One advantage in favor of the Connellsville coke is its being of a better quality than that of Snowshoe, and can be produced at less cost than the latter.

POTTERS MILLS' MAIL ROUTE.

We understand there is very much dissatisfaction on the other side of the valley over the new mail schedule on the Potters Mills and Tusseyville route. The present schedule leaves the mail which arrives from the west lay over in this office about 24 hours, which is not desired by the people of that section, who would prefer the former schedule, under which the carrier did not leave this place until all the mails were in, and allowed no mail matter to lie over in this office.

FATHER ANSPACH ILL.

Rev. Anspach, the aged Lutheran minister at Mifflinburg, who recently became ill, is quite low and still sinking. He served the Mifflinburg charge over 53 years, and in his boyhood resided with his parents near the Stone mill in Potter township, and left this section when he became a minister of the Gospel, accepting a call from Mifflinburg.

EXTRA OFFER.

Any one sending us the names of three new subscribers with the cash for one year, will get a copy of the REPORTER one year free.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

——All the popular novels at Murray's

——See Fauble's stock before purchasing.

——Hanging is one of the lost arts in Centre county.

——Fall and winter stock of clothing at the Philad. Branch.

——S. K. Emerick, merchant at Scotia, was in town the other day.

——Rochester Clothing House, Bellefonte, for fine clothing.

——For cheap clothing go to the Rochester clothing house. Bellefonte.

——Uriah Osman living west of town will have sale on March 20th.

——Joshua Potter will sell farm stock on Tuesday March 19th,

——Go to Fauble's clothing house for a fine suit of clothing and save money

——It tried to snow on Tuesday but fizzled out again after pilling up an inch.

——Trusses and shoulder braces, popular makes and designs, at Murray's Drug Store.

——For a well fitting and well made suit, go to Fleming, the tailor, Bellefonte.

——Schon, ven you valk, took long steps, dot it vont wear oud so much shoes.

——Teams wanted to haul lumber and railroad ties, inquire of J. D. LESHER, Centre Hall.

——Fleming has a complete line of winter goods, which he offers very cheap and at a bargain.

——A full line of the latest popular novels on sale at Murray's drug store—sent to any address for 20 cts.

——John Smith, of Punxsutawny, is here visiting his wife and little daughter.

——Mr. W. W. Spangler, of Potter, popped in last week for a few moment's chat.

——Powers' immense stock of boots and shoes and low prices is what makes hings lively at their store at Bellefont

——A dollar saved is a dollar earned, which can be done by buying clothes from the Rochester Clothing House, Bellefonte.

——Mrs. Harper, who has her home with her son Simon Harper, in this place, is quite ill.

——Wm. Grossman intends going west and will have his sale adv. in next week's paper, for Mar. 26.

——See Fauble's stock before purchasing.

——Lewins employes none but the best workmen in his tailoring establishment at Bellefonte, and has the finest cutter in the state in his employ.

——The Philad. Branch has opened up its fall stock of clothing. An immense stock of fall and winter overcoats can be be found there for your inspection. They have overcoats in all styles, price and quality. Remember the Philad. Branch when in need of clothing.

——If you wish to be well dressed, get your clothing made by Fleming, the fashionable tailor, Bellefonte, who has a complete line of latest goods, and at cheapest prices.

——Powers' shoe store is having a big rush for boots and shoes at this season, and as usual are well prepared to meet it. They have an immense stock of new goods which embraces everything in the line of foot wear. Lumbermen's gums boots, and all kinds of boots for teamsters, and workmen, at lower prices than ever. Ladies' and gents' dress shoes and in fact anything you want to see in the line of boots and shoes at lowest prices, at Powers' shoe store, Bellefonte.

Advertisement.

A WAYWARD SON.

A duty that I shrink from tells me that I should at least deny an evil report circulated against myself and wife, which is untrue from begining to end. I am nearing on to eighty years of age and cannot better explain to my friends or foes the untruthfullness of this report than in the columns of the paper. I should not take so public a manner if the cause from which this report started had not already been in the courts. I have reference to my son James who is serving a term in the penitentiary for the crime of forgery. Owing to the fact that he plead guilty his evil course for the last few years was not made public and because of this want of knowledge, it was circulated against me, that I was to blame for his imprisonment. This rumor arises from the fact that some people want to know more about the domestic affairs of another, than they do about their own. As a parent, I should know more about the disposition, life and conduct of my children, at home, than a stranger, and should exercise my own best judgment, in training them. This I believe to be a parental right as well as a duty.

It is true, that a father might, where a young son was unduly influenced by another to commit a forgery, try to to save him, family and friends, from the disgrace of the penitentiary, when there is penitence on his part and a determination to start right again—which he lacked.

This son is about 40 years of age and has been married about 20 years, has 5 children a daughter and a son full grown, owns a farm near Pine Grove and a good property in Spring Mills in which they live. His wife's maiden name was Mary Ann Ross to whom some money descended, at her parent's death. I started my son in farming and gave to him about three thousand dollars or its equivalant. He and his wife were wanting money from me often and for reasons best known to myself I quit supplying them. The large brick house on the farm in which they were living, burnt down about day light, on which there was a heavy insurance and in it there was $750. in green-backs that had been paid in to my son, about a week before for Robt. Ross of Missouri, his wife's brother; they both declared that the money was burnt. The fire started on the garret, some of the family were up for some time; the full amount of insurance was paid, although strong suspicions were raised. My son not long after moved to Spring Mills and soon after began to have title to his property passed from him to his wife.

He obtained money through forgery and other illegal methods and property from others to the amount of three thousand dollars. He had other forged notes against me on which he did not succeed in getting the money. His son then took him to Bellefonte to escape for the West. He wrote to his wife a day or so after, directing her to go at once, take the judgment notes he had confessed to her, to their attorney and have them entered and execution issued and his personal property sold, which she did in a few days after. He landed at Beloit, Kansas, and remained there about a year, without my knowledge as to his whereabouts, although I used every plan and honorable means to hunt him up and get him home to his family and to fix his matters up, but did not succeed. He went at once into a respectable Baptist family, gave the father one thousand dollars of his ill gotten gains on his note and the balance deposited in bank. He changed his name to James Ross, although he had different other names while writing to his wife.

He soon entered into the confidence of this new home—led in family worship, acted devoutly all the while, took an active part in Sabbath school and church work and choir practice—he bought the farm, stock &c. of the man he lived with, and in about six months married a daughter of this gentleman, and in about six months after was arrested for bigany, and settled the matter by surrendering the $1000 note, the money in bank, and all the farm stock, products &c., and a promise to leave the country, which he did. By reference to John A. Pinkerton, D. D., a presbyterian minister of Beloit, Kansas, or to the Courts of record there, the above can be more fully learned.

He returned to his faimily here and remained in close secrecy then, for over three months, no one learning the fact beyond suspicion; his wife knowing all this time what he had done in Kansas. He and wife both called at my place after night and promised to change their course, to pay off those forgeries &c. We entreated them by good words to do so. But soon they showed no signs of penitence and he was taken away again in secrecy and remained away 2 years within a few days. His wife soon after his departure made application for a divorce and asked the court to permit her to carry on her own business. He landed again in Kansas and wrote several letters under new names and from different points in the West, to me and his brothers. I sent for him again but was unsuccessfull in finding him. He returned purposely in time to prevent the granting of a divorce, went at once to his home and remained there, until his arrest, six months or more after his return.

During this time he made no effort to arrange his matters, but when his creditors called on him he said he could do nothing that his wife owned all. He never called to see me this time. He was entreated by myself and friends time and again to save himself from the penitentiary, but he would not take the advice of his best friend. He was willing to risk all, thinking his friends would back him in it. He, as well as some of the other children, would not listen to parental advice, but would leave home, have their own way where they thought they could live faster and better and their own rod is whipping them. They had unwise counsellors, and they too will have their reward in due season.

He was only 18 when married. I could write more than my pen or heart would be justified in doing. The character of his letters that were handed over to me by others would do the public no good and only cause shame. His wife called to the jail to give him the only crumb of comfort she had left for him about as he was taken away to the penitentiary, which was, that he could not easier pay the amount of ill gotten gains than to serve his term in separate and solitary confinement at hard labor, and that it was my fault that he was sent there. He plead guilty and the court sentenced him. Truly "The way of the transgressor is hard." "Though hand join hand the wicked shall not go unpunished." What can I do against the judgements of an impartial God? If I have done wrong, God shall be my judge.

GEORGE KRAPE.

SPRING MILLS.

Miss Rebecca Grove has returned from an extended visit to Lock Haven, New York, and other places.

Miss Hannah Foster, of Mifflinburg, is a guest of Dr. VanValzah's.

Mr. Wellington Yearick, of Madisonburg, has entered Grenoble's store as clerk.

Mr. John Wilson, of Tyrone, spent a few days at Dr. VanValzah's last week.

Feb. 11 our convention here will begin. A large class of singers is expected.

C. P. Long moved into the house vacated by G. R. Spigelmyer,

C. A. Krape will move into Mr. Wm. Rearick's house next spring, and J. E. Johnson into Mr. Jas. McClintic's.

Mr. Wm. Pealer was to Bellefonte last week. He was on the Grand Jury, and foreman of it.

POTTERS MILLS.

White Caps have made their appearance in this vicinity.

The other night while Steward Long was on his way home he was stopped by a White Cap that said he was going to kill him then drew a club, this started Steward on a run but before he got far he was stopped again, this time the White Cap produced a rope and was going to hang him and almost scared the boy into fits, he started to run and all the White Caps after him and followed him to his door. Steward now carries a revolver and says it will not be good for the White Caps to try it again.

Those that are on the sick list are S. Strong, Martha Strong, Mrs. Catharine Alexander, Agnes Shirk, John Shirk and Blanche Palmer, all are getting along well under the treatment of Dr. L. C. Thomas.

W. H. Fultz while cutting ice, for T. F. Royer, fell into the water and would likely had drowned if help had not been at hand. W. A. is now a dunkard.

MARRIED.

On Feb. 4 at Centre Hall by Rev. W. E. Fischer, D. F. Luse, Centre Hall and Mattie E. Gramley of Rebersburg, Pa,

On the 3d inst. at the Evangelical parsonage, Millheim, by Rev. W. H. Stover, George C. Auman, and Cora E. Shreckengast, both of Brush valley.

——This is Thursday and the blizzard still howling and cold intense.

——The blizzard is making itself felt all over the country.

——Mrs. Adam Bair, of Miles township, died on Wednesday, of last week, aged 74 years.

——The eastern wheat market continues depressed with prices a little lower than last week—92 to 98.

LETTER FROM RABBIT HILL.

Dear Kernel and Editor:

About the ferst of March Kleeveland will move of ov Uncle Sam's farm, an he will put a new tenant on it. Before a grate wile things will look horrible on the place. Fences down, brush agrowing all around, the pale fence about the house used fer kinling and things in perticular look ragged an out-o-fix.

I got an invitation to help Harrison move into the wite hous. He wants me to akt as hosler and help the wemen do the kooken. I ges I wont go. If Ben Harrison takes me to be a darky then he is fooled. There's gen. Hastins of Bellefonte, he I am told is to be boss of the shanty, an as both of us were born in the same kounty the difference will be to grate to have him riden at the hed of the peresession on the street an Mulberry in the stable and with the wemen about the kitshen, grinden koffy on the back porch. Not a bit ov it! Wen it comes to voten then the fellers hang aroun an say, "Mulberry, yer a capitel feller, an not many like yer. Were all rulers an law makers. You hardfisted farmers am the salt of airth, an if et wer not fer such as you wat ed become of the kountry." Then when the lections over they dont keer wats become of us, but they take blame good keer to get to the hed of the perseed and goble the ofices. I like mer lassy kandy but kin buy me own, an the chap that koms aroun with tafy will have his seat punched into a pepper box with my ole shotgun.

Poletics are wery quiet now on rabbit hill. The republicans by spells take to teesen the demmykrats, but the demmykrats hev got wel enuf agin to helf thersselves. The other nite ther was a party aroun to Billy Chuengums an Dan Swallertale an Sam Flintlok war ther. Soon ole Chuengum began a blakgarden Flintlok bout the lection an axed em ef he were soon agoing up salt river. Yas, ses old Flintlok, I'd went up salt river long ago ef some of these republicans wat owes me wud pay me so I cud buy me ticket. Et just happined that ole Billy owed ole Dan leven dollars an the punch kum in as sweet on Billy as a sting from a yeller jacket. At least Billy got kinder sic on the stomic, an he tok fer hum as not feelen wel. Billy is mity gud stuf an ef nobody goes up salt river until all hes bills ar pade then the salt river rout will fal out of rekerlection.

I am a pore man but pon me sole I'd sooner run barefoote then put on as much stile as sum fellers who dont pa ther hones det. It sems ter me we en a feller pas his hones dets hes on the rite rode to Kanan.

Wil rite you agin.

MULBERRY.

OH, YES!

Oh, yes! J. N. Leitzel, of Spring Mills is now ready to enter the campaign of crying public sales. He does it No. 1, and always renders best of satisfaction. Oh yes! oh yes!

COME AND SETTLE.

All persons indebted to the firm of Grove & Wolf, are requested to call within a reasonable time from this date and make settlement, as the firm intends to wind up its business. Books will be found with Wm. Wolf, at Centre Hall.

24jan 3t. GROVE & WOLF.

FOR RENT.—Having leased the Witmer homestead for the year, the one half of same is offered for rent, from April 1st, 1889. CHAS. EMERICK,
Centre Hall.

SALE, FEBUARY 23.

REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.—WILL be offered at public sale at Spring Mills,

)—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23.—(

the following real estate belonging to Peter Wilson, dec'd,

)—TWO TRACTS OF LAND—(

The first bounded by lands of R. H. Duncan, Geo. Korman's est., Daniel Runkle, F. H. VanValzah, and others, containing

(-)—THREE ACRES—(-)

and 100 perches. The other bounded by lands of David Burrell, Philip Shook, Adam Grenoble, and others, containing ONE ACRE and 74 perches.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m.

JOHN F. WILSON,
Surviving Executor.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1889.

PUBLIC SALE.—IN DECKER VALLEY 3 miles south east of Potters Mills, Tuesday, Feb. 26, 2 Percheron mares, weight 1300, blooded and with foal, also 1 driving mare, 3 yearling colts two of them Woodlawns, 5 cows, 2 fresh and 2 springers, one Holstein heifer, springer; 7 head young cattle, 3 fine breeding sows, will drop pigs first week in March; 1 large seed hog, 6 shoats, four good sheep, 2 two horse lumber sleds, 1 one horse sled, threshing machine, shaker, power and strap, one new Ohio drill, one buggy, harrow, plow, cultivators, one spring-wagon, 1 set of tug harness, one buggy harness, 2 flynets, horse collars, one double rifle, one sausage cutter with balance wheel, sausage stuffer, meat and lard by the pound, apple butter by the gallon, 6 bbl. of vinegar, potatoes by the bushel, log chains, dig iron, one splendid deer dog, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at ten o'clock, a. m. A reasonable credit will be given.

JOHN D. DECKER,
Auctioneer.

ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO

Office of The Farmers' Mutual Fire Ins. Co of Centre County, Pa.

CENTRE HALL, PA., JANUARY 14, 1889.—In compliance with the provisions of their charter the Thirty-First Annual Statement of the transactions of the Company is hereby presented.

ASSETS.

Bills receivable, being premium notes due and payable by members for insurance the past year		$ 27,089.61
Cash premiums		1,245.23
Tax		3,155.67
Cash in treasury		765.57
Making the total available assets of the past year		32,356.08

EXPENSES.

Compensation of directors	$ 140.30	
Salary of Secretary	125.00	
Salary of Treasurer	50.00	
Printing, office rent, postage and stationary	150.01	
Election board	4.00	
State Ins. Report	5.00	
Orvis & Bower services	50.00	
Wm. McFarlane balance on loss	475.01	
Wm McFarlane balance on interest	7.13	
Kauffman & Co. balance on loss	495.85	
G. R. Meiss loss on goods and building	228.49	
Mrs. Archey loss on barn	130.00	
Wm. Bradford loss on furniture	25.49	
Michael Ulrick loss	8.50	
H. D. Van Pelt note and interest	406.29	
J. H. Musser note	223.24	
Witness fees	8.53	
J. G. Baily note	400 00	
Interest same	55.00	
J. W. Whiteman note	228.50	
Interest same	8.50	
Em'l Ettinger interest	75 00	
Total assets and funds of the company the past year less expenses		29,044.83
To which add notes of 1884, '5, '6, and '7,		91,927.61
Amounting to		120,971.44
Minus cancelations		4,259.54
Leaving available assets in force this day		196,671.90
Insurance taken the past year	318,113.33	
To which add insurances of 1884, '5, '6, and '7, with cancelations deducted	985,135.22	
Making risks and insurances in force this day		1,303,248.55

LIABILITIES.

Kate and Maggie Alexander	165.44	
F. L. Weaver	54.56	
C. W. Hosterman	84.00	
G. R. Meiss	43.81	
Borrowed money	1250.00	
Total amount of liabilities		1,597.81
Amount outstanding		1,248.71

At a meeting held the same day the following directors were chosen for the ensuing year: J. B. Fisher, Jacob Bottorf, Fred Kurtz, Samuel Slack, S. J. Herring, Daniel Brungart, Samuel Gramley, Wm. McFarland, H. C. Campbell, J. G. Baily, H. E. Duck, John H. Musser.

The board thereupon organized by electing the following officers:

President, Fred Kurtz,
Vice President, S. J. Herring
Treasurer, Wm. Wolf,
Secretary, D. F. Luse.

Attest: FRED KURTZ,
President.
D. F. LUSE,
Secretary.

GRAIN.

REPORTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

Prices subject to fluctuations of market.

Wheat, red	$ 95	Oats new	$ 28
Wheat, white	99	Rye	50
Corn	42	Barley, No. 1	45

FLOUR AND FEED.

Fancy Pat. Flour	1 55	Bran per ton	20 00
Best Roller Flour	$ 1 60	Bran, retail, cwt.	1 10
2d Best Roll'r Flour	1 30	Middlings retail	1 20
Middlings per ton	22 00	Chop retail	1 30

FRIDAY, MARCH 15.

PUBLIC SALE.—WILL BE SOLD AT RESIdence of the undersigned at Farmers Mills, on Friday, March 15, at 10 o'clock, the following property, 3 good work horses, one with foal, 4 good milch cows, all about fresh, 1 roan bull 2 years old, 3 head of young cattle, 17 head of sheep, 2 2 horse wagons, one as good as new, 1 good sled, 1 horse hay rake, Excelsior reaper and mower, threshing machine, shaker, strap and horse power, hay fork, rope and pulleys, fanning mill, 2 plows, harrow, 2 cultivators, corn planter, corn scraper, set good tug harness, 4 flynets, lot of horse gears, lot of forks and rakes, grind stone, iron kettle, scalding trough, and numerous other articles. JACOB NEESE.

D. H. Ruhl, auctioneer.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Jacob Royer, deceased, late of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

W. J. THOMPSON,
Administrator,
jan31 6t Potters Mills, Pa.

HIDES WANTED.

At the Centre Hall tannery.

Oil, plastering hair, lace, kip, upper, harness, sole and a general stock of leather for sale. Hides tanned on shares. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Call or address,
20 dec. tf. J. S. ROWE.

McCORMICK BROS, | McCORMICK BROS

CENTRE HALL, | HALL, | PA.

—DEALERS IN ALL KINDS—

-:- FURNITURE -:-

Bed Room Suits, Parlor Suits,
Side Boards, Lounges, Tables,
Bedsteads, Wood and Cane-Seat Chairs

Undertaking a Specialty.

Bargains! :-: New Goods!

We are now prepared to have the public call at our store and inspect our new line of goods. They were selected with the greatest care and embrace an endless variety of new designs and patterns worn during the Fall and Winter seasons.

Our line of Fancy Plads, Tricots, Fall Prints, and All-Wool Suiting, are fine, and will please our early customers, and are selling rapidly. Woolen Blankets, Haps, Quilts, and many other goods.

SPECIAL BARGAINS!----O----SPECIAL BARGAINS

Come and see the special bargains we are offering in Cashmeres; prices lower than ever. Our stock of Ready-Made Clothing, Overcoats, Gossamers, Gum Coats, is complete and will speak for themselves. Comeand see the new goods at

Harper & Kreamer's.

The Bright Side.

There is many a rest in the road of life
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life
Which we pass in our idle pleasure
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, tender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends
And sit and grieve and wonder.

MR. MULTAHNEY.

Grandfather didn't leave me his property, after all. I might have known he wouldn't, because he said he would. Grandfather always did something entirely different from what he set out to do.

There, for instance, was the day—we had just got nicely settled in our country home—that we were all waiting patiently for the cow grandfather wanted to buy and brought an organ instead. Nobody could play on it. Grandfather said somebody could learn, but nobody ever did, and so we had to try and console ourselves for the disappointment of reflecting what a fine addition to our somewhat scanty parlor furniture the organ was, until the morning grandfather suddenly made up his mind that he needed another horse, and brought our gentle, star-faced Daisy home.

There were four of us in the family; grandfather, mother, the sweetest and dearest woman that ever lived, myself, a plain, quiet girl of five-and-twenty; and my cousin Etta, just of age, but looking about 17—pretty, selfish, idle and vain.

Now you're thinking I added the last three adjectives on account of the first one. But I didn't upon my word, for I tried my very best to love the blue-eyed, fair haired, teasing thing when she first came among us, her father and mother both having died during the previous year; but I couldn't; she was so thoroughly wrapped up in herself, and so utterly insensible to even the rights of others.

Grandfather was forever scolding and finding fault about her, and wondering how his grave, honest, elder son John came to have such a good-for-naught daughter, and always praising me, who was the child of his second son William, and saying that I was the comfort of his life, and should have the cottage and grounds when he died, but I "must promise"—this was the invariable conclusion—"to take care of Etta until she married, which is sure to be before long, as men are always taken with a pretty, doll-like face and kitten-ish ways, and never care much for sensible-looking, sensible-acting girls like you, my dear."

Of course I promised, although I hadn't the slightest idea of grandfather's dying soon when he talked in this way. One day having started to build a hen-coop, and beginning to dig a well instead, he had a terrible chill and died in an hour.

And when his will was read the day after the funeral, I, for one, was very little surprised to hear that all his possessions, with the exception of $500 to my mother and $500 to myself, were left to "that good-for-naught," the daughter of his son John.

And it was only a week after the reading of the will when my cousin Etta said to me, with a calmness and coolness somewhat astonishing in such a babyish looking little thing; "You must be looking for another home. Faith. I am going to marry James Read"—a young man grandfather had detested—"in a short time, and we will want the whole cottage ourselves.

So mother and I went up into our room—a fine large square room it was, right over the porch, and held a consultation as to what we had better do.

I wasn't well enough educated to be a governess, and, besides that, mother and I couldn't bear the thought of being separated—we never had been since the day father died, ten years before; and we finally came to the conclusion that a small store was the very thing.

What kind should it be? was the next question.

"The only thing that I think of I said, as at all suitable is a fancy store, with a great variety of small goods. That I am sure we could manage, and make enough to support us comfortably all our lives long; for of course I shall never marry, being so plain and sensible, as grandfather used to say, and we will never never, be parted;" and I kissed her, and she kissed me in return, with a tender look in her gray eyes (mother has the softest and tenderest gray eyes in the world); and the very next day we set about looking for the store, and in less than a week had found it; a nice new little place in a thriving village a few miles away from grandfather's — I mean Cousin Etta's—cottage, just completed the very morning the agent sent us to look at it. The street on which it stood was the main one of the village, and before the door grew a splendid old hickory tree, which made it less sad to part with our oak; and directly opposite was a large comfortable-looking house sitting well back from the road, with half an acre of garden about it.

Well, that small store did look pretty when mother and I put the finishing touches to the contents of the good-sized window, and stepped out on the sidewalk to observe the general effect.

It was a lovely sunshiny summer morning, and feeling singularly hopeful and cheerful after observing the general effect, I seated myself in the sitting-room at the back of the store and waited for my first customer.

Mother went into the tiny kitchen and began making cherry tarts, and had just called to me to come and see how splendid the cherries were, when the store bell rang loudly, and some one came in and shut the door with a bang.

I went out as quickly as I could, and there stood a rather stout middle-aged gentleman, very red in the face, and evidently in very bad temper.

"Look at that, ma'am, look at that," said he, as I came forward, holding out his hand and directing my attention to the buttonless wristband of his shirt sleeve. "No buttons, and I buy buttons by the gross, and, by heavens, there's never one in the house. You keep buttons?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll take one — and you look as though you would sew it on for me."

"With pleasure," said I, going for a needle and thread, with a smile, for it struck me as being somewhat odd that my first customer should want one shirt button, and almost demand my services as a seamstress, and it was with the greatest difficulty I resumed and kept a demure countenance while sewing it on.

"Um?" said the gentleman, half aloud, as I fastened the thread; "nice, though not at all handsome, and would wear well I should think."

I looked up and saw his eyes fixed upon a crimson and green rose and-bud tidy (one of mother's prettiest patterns), and thought that if it didn't suit him, he must be hard to suit in the way of tidies.

After the gentlemen had said "Good-day, ma'am," to mother, who came into the store looking as sweet as a roll and "thank you miss," to me, and gone away, we had a dozen or more callers, among them two dear little girls, to whom mother gave the two biggest cherry tarts; and altogether our first day of shopkeeping was a profitable one, it was the beginning of my business life, anyhow.

We soon discovered that the jolly-faced gentleman was the owner of the comfortable-looking house across the way, Mr. Multahney by name (though that blessed mother of mine always called him Mr. Mullagatawny, after a fashion she had of mixing up names in her mind, as, for instance, calling the baker, Mr. Black, "Mr. White," and our old lawyer, whom we had known for twenty years, "Mr. France," instead of Mr. Paris.)

His wife had died nearly two years before we came to the village, and the household since that time had been in the charge of an old nurse, who was totally incompetent to manage so large an establishment.

"But you see, ma'am," said Mr. Multahney, one afternoon, to my mother. "I couldn't place any one over nurse. I would break her heart, and I'm not good at breaking hearts—never was and never will be; but, to tell the truth, ma'am, we're all at sixes and sevens at our house. Bless your heart, ma'am, I found Rosie and Frankie yesterday afternoon just about playing tea party with the little tea-set I bought her the day before; and what do you suppose they had for tea and milk and pudding sauce, ma'am?"

"I'm sure I can't guess, Mr. Mullagatawny," said mother.

"Laudanum in the tea-pot, hydrate of chloral in the milk jug, and arnica in the sauce-boat! Yes, ma'am, they had taken the bottles from my medicine chest, which nurse had placed on the floor of my room while she tried to capture the canary which Mollie had let out of its cage."

"The darlings!" said my mother, kissing the dear little upturned face of the child on her knee.

"Certainly, ma'am," said Mr. Multahney; "but I was frightened all the more because they are darlings, and I came nearer discharging nurse than I ever did before, and I've been devilish near it before, ma'am; but the young ones set up such a hullabaloo that, to stop it, I was glad to let her stay. And so, ma'am, the old confusion and mismanagement goes on, with meals so irregular that I don't know whether I'm eating my breakfast or my lunch, my dinner or my supper."

"I assure you I sympathize with you heartily," said my dear mother.

"I believe you do, ma'am. Good-evening," said Mr. Multahney, carrying sleepy little Mollie away in his arms.

The Multahney children were the most lovable children I ever met.

Harry, the oldest, named after his father was a frank-faced, merry-hearted boy, immensely pleased when I made him a gay neck-tie, or hemmed his new handkerchief, or arranged a bouquet for his button-hole.

The second child was Lily—a bright little thing, and, like all the human Lillies I have ever known, brown as a berry.

It was her delight to keep store. It's awful cunning to truly sell things, Miss Faith, Faith, Faithey," was the burden of her song; "and when I grow up I mean to have a store zackly like this. if papa will let me; or p'r'aps you'll take me for a partner, dear Faith—papa has a partner."

"Most certainly I will, my dear, I promise, if at that time you continue to wish it, and papa consents."

Then came Robbie, a lame little fellow, with large serious brown eyes and pale wistful face, who had fallen from the high porch one day. Mother and I used to spend hour after hour telling him stories, and reading to him from his favorite fairy books, and teaching him pretty verses, which he was very fond of reciting. We had a small lounge on purpose for him in our pleasant sitting-room, and when the noise at the big house made him nervous and restless he would limp over to us, and lie down, his head on a soft little pillow I had made, and on which I had embroidered his name, and his pet kitten curled up by his side. He was only six years old, but a wise little chap for his years; and I used to smile, with a tear in my eye, when he said, as he often did, "I don't know how I ever lived before you and Auntie Welton came here. I was so sick, and papa had to go away every day, and Harry and Lily went to school, and the little children teased me awful. I think the fairies sent you here—don't you?"

Three more girls followed Robbie—Rosie and Frankie (round, rosy, dimpled wee bodies, with a great liking for mother's tarts) and Mollie, the two-year-old baby.

The shirt button I gave away on "opening-day" brought us luck, for the Multahney family bought more at our store than any other three families in the village, never going, as some of the well-to-do people did, to the neighboring city for things which we had equally good and cheap, but getting everything they could get from mother and me.

Well, life went on smoothly and happily, mother growing prettier every day, and Mr. Multahney and nurse and the children in and out all the time, and before we were really aware that autumn had left us, behold, it was the day before Christmas!

Mother and I had bought a large assortment of toys and candies, and had been well patronized all day, but were disappointed and surprised when evening came and 9 o'clock struck and Mr. Multahney had not made his appearance; for the dear, romping, laughing children had confided to us, weeks before, what gifts they hoped Santa Claus would bring them; and, of course, we had procured them all, with the exception of a pony for Harry and a diamond ring for Lily, which articles were a little beyond our means, and had laid them aside to produce when the indulgent father asked our advice on the subject, as we were sure he would.

But the clock had scarcely ceased striking when he came in.

The small store looked uncommonly pretty dressed in Christmas greens and bright paper flowers, and we had four wax candles on the counter and two in the window, besides the regular lamps; and I wore my new gray merino dress, with a blue bow at the throat and another in my hair (my hair doesn't ripple and wave as much as mother's, but it is the very same color), and mother wore her gray dress, with a handsome black lace rosette among the waves and rippies.

"Very pretty, indeed!" said Mr. Multahney, going up to the stove to warm his hands a moment, and then turning his back upon it and smiling approvingly around.

"We're trying to rig up a Christmas tree at our house, Mrs. Welton," he went on to say, "and I'd be pleased to have you and Miss Faith come over as you can and give us the benefit of your excellent taste. The children will be gone to bed in a few moments—"

Just then the store door flew open, and the two eldest children came running in, little Robbie limping after them.

"Oh, papa!" cried Lily, "nurse says if you don't come back 'mediately she'll go crazy, for we will peep into the room where she's fixing something, and pound on the door when she locks us out, and the grocer forgot the raisins and currants for the pudding, and—"

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said Mr. Multahney, grasping his curly black hair as though he meant to tear it out then and there.

"I will go with you, Mr. Mullagatawny," said my mother, distressed for the poor man, as she always is for anybody in trouble, "and do all I can toward preparing a merry Christmas for you."

"Thank you ma'am," said Mr. Multahney. "It's very kind of you; and if anybody can bring order out of disorder, you can. I wish from the bottom of my heart you would stay there forever!"

Mother looked at him in mild surprise, and went for her bonnet and shawl.

"Please come too, Miss Faith, for half an hour," said Mr. Multahney, coaxingly; "we can come back to the store afterward, and—"

"And I wish you'd stay forever," broke in that darling Harry, who had been prancing about, flourishing a wooden sword he had taken from the counter.

"And so do I," said dear little Robbie, climbing upon the stool at my side and putting his arms about my neck. Don't you papa?"

"With all my heart," said papa.

Why don't she?" asked Lily, dropping the cat and looking earnestly up in her father's face. "We all love her dearly—best of any body but you."

"The Gray children have a new mamma,' said that dreadful Harry, 'and she ain't half as nice as Faith and Faith's mother."

I felt the blushes rising to my face and spreading all over it, until I must have been red from my chin to my forehead and away back to my ears.

"My dear Faith," said Mr. Multahney, his eyes sparkling mischievously "the children have proposed to you. Will you accept them—and me?"

I stood confused and silent; for though I liked Mr. Multahney very, very much, I had never thought of him as a husband, having, in the first place, made up my mind to be an old maid, and, in the next, never having suspected for an instant that he thought of me save as the daughter of my mother, she being so much more attractive. When mother returned:

"Say yes, dear Fairy," whispered Robbie, kissing my cheek.

"Say yes, Miss Faith," shouted Harry, "and we'll have no end of fun."

"Say yes, say yes, say yes!" teased Lily.

"Yes to what?" asked my mother, smilingly.

"To a question I've just asked her," answered Mr. Multahney "whether she would be my wife."

"Mr. Mullagatawny!" said my mother; and then laid her bonnet on a chair and sat down upon it.

"Why, ma'am, there's nothing surprising about my part of the affair," said Mr. Multahney. "A young lady, sunny-faced, sweet tempered, devoted to her mother, endowed, in fact, with more virtues than any woman I have ever met before, comes to a country place where a poor devil of a widower is struggling along with six young children, and from the very first day she smiles on him his life seems brighter, and ever since that day she and her no less charming mother have quietly done all they could to promote his happiness and that of the children, and the children have grown to love them both, and so has the father too. And I shall be honored, proud and honored, ma'am, if you will accept me for a son-in-law, and Faith for a husband."

"Mrs. Mullagatawny!" murmured my mother. "I never thought Faith would have such a queer name as that. But, dear me" (in a louder tone), "it isn't hers yet, and perhaps never will be."

"Don't say that," said Mr. Multahney, with emphasis, "or I'll go and drown myself."

The children set up a howl, Robbie hanging around my neck, and Harry and Lily clinging to their father. "Oh! oh! oh! our darling papa going to drown himself! Dear, dear, dear Miss Faith, you won't let papa drown himself?"

"I won't," said I.

ONE OF THE FINEST.

A Four-Year-Old Joins the New York Police Force and Thinks It's Fun.

A street Arab found a little fellow wandering around aimlessly near Thirty-fourth street and Broadway. He took him in charge and handed him over to the sergeant of the Thirtieth Street Police station, saying that he thought "the kid too well dressed and too young to be about the streets." When the sergeant asked the boy what his name was he said that it was Charley Smith.

"Where do you live?" asked the sergeant, kindly.

"Don't know exactly; somewhere near Central park, I guess. I'm Central Park Charley. Guess I am lost, ain't I?"

"Yes, I think you are," answered the sergeant, with a laugh. "What's your father's name?"

"Charley; same as mine. Say, mister, I like you. I don't mind stopping here."

"Well, you're welcome. Come into the back room and make yourself at home," and the man took the curly haired child into the patrol room. When Charley reached the room there were some sixty big policemen there, washing up, polishing their boots and getting ready to go before the captain before relieving the day force. They all shook hands with the little fellow and gave him so many pennies that the pockets of his diminutive ulster were filled.

"This is a pretty fine place," he said to a red faced, smiling policeman.

"Oh, yes," answered the other with a grin, "it's fine."

"I think I'd like one of those sticks," said Charley. "Would they care if I took one?" pointing to the rack of police clubs.

"Now, you're a policeman," said one of the men, wiping his dripping face and bending over the child. He marched gravely around, saluting all the men with his club almost as tall as he. The laughing fellows clapped their hands in approval and the child bowed low with great dignity. Some one mentioned the captain's name, and Charley said he guessed he'd go see the captain. They asked him to fall in line with the rest, and the little fellow did so, his stick over his shoulder. He marched by the side of a big roundsman, whose knees almost came up to the boy's head. As the line filed out the door and before the captain's desk, the young policeman stamped time with his little boots, marching proudly with the others. The men were all laughing at the boy's jaunty air and Capt. Reilly called out sharply. "Order." They could not stop laughing, however, and the captain rose from his seat and looked sternly at the fifty or more men. As he leaned over his desk he saw the rosy face of the boy looking up at him.

"Hello, captain," said Charley, nodding his head at the grizzled one just above him.

"Well," said the captain, breathlessly, "who are you?"

"Policeman Charley, of Central park," said the boy knowingly, saluting with his big club.

"Well, Policeman Charley," said the captain, "just sit up here alongside of me. I will detail you on special duty."

The little chap was lifted up on one of the high stools next to the captain's. He looked over the register, pretended to read all the letters within his reach, brushed a thread from the captain's coat, and then began industriously to scrawl all over the papers before him with a pen. He and the captain had a friendly chat for half an hour. Then the two dined together, and afterward the captain hunted around until he found a smaller club for the boy. When he was taken away the next day, all the men gave him a hearty farewell and the captain gave him a watch charm and a quarter as a reward for faithful service. Charley said when he left the station that "being policeman was fun."

Speech and Silence.

An old adage reads, "Speech is silver; but Silence is golden!"

Like other general sayings, it is not always applicable. There are times when speech is golden, and silence is shameful.

For instance when the vile tongue of slander assails the fair fame of a friend, to keep silent is base. When wrong or injustice is being done to the helpless and weak, to keep silence is cruel. When scoffers sneer and skeptics laugh at our faith, to keep silence is cowardly.

And yet there are times when silence is golden.

When anger arises, and bitter words rush from the overcharged heart to the lips, then indeed should the golden seal of silence be placed upon the tongue.

And ah! how golden is silence when we are tempted to ridicule the unfortunate!—to be witty at the expense of a friend,—or to be sarcastic in speaking of the faults of those who err through ignorance!

The Author's Hardest Task.

Probably the most difficult task in the construction of a story is the management of conversations, so that the individuality of the dramatic personæ may not be hopelessly mixed. The author must keep each character definitely before his mind's eye, so that he may see it as distinctly as he would an intimate friend embodied in the flesh

FASHION NOTES.

—Evening gloves should meet the sleeves, of whatever length. In some cases they reach quite to the shoulders.

—The long "Directoire" coats are usually worn with plainly draped skirts, but when they reveal only the immediate front the foundation is made of Russell cord or alpaca in a corresponding color, and faced only in front with the material.

—White dresses for home wear are even more fashionable than last season, only they are no longer made of vigogne, a rough, heavy material which does not drape at all nicely. The fabric in vogue is fine white cloth, soft, light and warm, which fits beautifully and is wonderfully becoming.

—Elegant visiting dresses are made with the jacket bodice opening over a vest of white cream or pale rose colored cloth, with a trimming of light gold brandebourgs across and gold buttons in the middle. Others are notched out at the top and at the basque, showing a bit of gold embroidery or of brocaded galloon, in the Russian and Byzantine style.

—Bodices are still very jaunty, with cutaway, rounding or sharp pointed fronts, shorter sides and sharp points at the back and set one above another shaped to flare a little,. Collars a la militaire are still in high vogue, especially at the back; for a front the collar very usually turns with a natty revers, which is braided, velvet faced or otherwise decorated to match the trimming on other portions of the gown.

—Home and evening dresses are made with narrow skirts, very close fitting on the hips, and defining the figure as much as possible, while the long trains of casaque and Princess dresses, gathered at the top, and without tournure or steels, except two small ones at the top, flow in low graceful folds at the back. Tournures are only worn with walking dresses to keep out the short skirt, and then only small steels are used, and so as not to be detected.

—This is more of a fur than a lace season, for the reason that the prevailing popular fancy seizes with avidity everything that has a Russian suggestion about it. Russian styles are more generally admired just now than are les modes Parisienne. The Russian redingote, a long, straight garment, is much worn. One worn at a recent luncheon was made of Lincoln green broadcloth. On one side a panel was lifted displaying a skirt of plain green cloth, light olive in color, heavily worked with silver braid. The Russ an paletot is one of the favorite wraps, also the jaunty Russian jackets braided so closely that the cloth beneath is barely visible, and buttoned across, double-breasted, with ornamental "frogs," which are in high popularity.

—So infatuated is the fashionable girl of to-day with out-of-door sports that she hesitates to relinquish them even when the winter crispness creeps into the air, and the costumes for these same exercises cause her no less concern than do the proportionately elaborate gowns she wears in the drawing room. And the girl who takes no more than one of these sports has considerable designing to do, for to be strictly correct she must have a respective costume for each. The wardrobe of many a fashionable lady includes a trim fitting riding habit of cloth, of course, a hunting costume of dark hued corduroy, a tennis suit of striped flannel, a driving costume of serge, with warm cloth jacket and hood, finished off with the indispensable castor gloves, and she even singles out a special toilet for her early morning walk, which is usually a striped or small checked woolen goods, supplemented with a jaunty English jacket and a felt English walking hat. Mrs. Cleveland has, by the way, stimulated the feminine ambition to learn how to shoot at a target. Rifle practice was one of this much-copied lady's favorite pastimes during her autumn sojourn in the Adirondacks.

—A more simple costume was of gray cloth and velvet. The skirt was gathered and quite plain, with just a flow of gray ribbon on one side. But the velvet jacket is exquisite in shape and cut, moulding the figure to perfection, and trimmed with beautiful embroidery in gray silk and soutache. The upper part of each front is covered with this embroidery, the pattern simulating the fronts of a short Figaro jacket rounded off under the arm. Epaulets of the same cover the upper part of the sleeves, which are of gray cloth. The velvet jacket remains slightly open in front over the cloth bodice, which forms a sort of vest, buttoned down the middle; it comes down in a long point on each side.

Another dress is of tan colored cloth. The back of the skirt is slightly draped; the side and front are arranged in triple plaits, and each plait is ornamented with a peaked pattern of black silk braiding; the bodice is plain, with tight sleeves; there is a light braided pattern on each front and at the top of the sleeves, also on the collar and on the wrists; a full ruffle of black crepe lisse comes down the front of the bodice to the bottom of the waist.

—A pretty home dress for a young lady is of white cloth, trimmed with dead gold braid two inches wide. The skirt is quite simple, gathered round the waist, just draped least bit in front, to break the monotony of the plain straight folds. There are three rows of the braid; they come down from the waist on the right side, and, are continued at the foot, but only as far as the left side, not coming up again, but finished each just beyond the other, the upper one being the shorter. The bodice is a Paysanne jacket, lined with gold colored surah. A chemisette of white gauged surah is worn inside the vest. Three large buttons of white cloth, embroidered with gold, are placed on each side down the front, and a sash of dark blue velvet goes around the waist, and is fastened into two long loops and lapels at the back.

Another was of beige cloth over a white cloth skirt, embroidered Oriental fashion in several shades of copper and gold.

HORSE NOTES.

—Long Dance will be backed by his owner for the Kentucky Derby.

—The two New Orleans pool-rooms cleared about $90,000. last year.

—It is reported that James Goldsmith will condition his stable of campaigners on the Fashion Farm track.

—Rumor has it that the real purchaser and the real owner of Galore, the crack English race-horse, is Mr. Astor.

—R. Tucker has matched Strideaway against the mare Nellie for a quarter of a mile dash, $500 a side, to be decided shortly at New Orleans.

—The Northwestern Breeders' Association will hold its annual meeting for 1889 at Washington Park, Chicago, August 20 to 24 inclusive.

—J. M. Pettit will drive for A. J. Haws, of Johnstown, Pa., the coming season. The string will consist of Decorator (2.23¼) and the pacers Patsy Clinker (2.20) and Harry H. (2.22½).

—Captain John B. Wilgus, a Lexington (Ky.) horse breeder and backer, died recently from a cancer, aged 65 years. The stallion Allie West, sire of Jewett, 2.22½, was owned by Mr. Wilgus.

—Robert Steel, of Philadelphia, purchased in California the stallion Antevolo, 2.19½, 5 years old, by Electioneer, dam Columbine by A. W. Richmond, and the horse will soon be quartered at Cedar Park Stud. Reported $30,000.

—John Splan is kept busy with his book. It will be interesting as well as useful. There are many subscribers for it, and there should be a number of "second money" horses first under the wire next season since the book will how show to win.

—The Executive Committee of the Driving Club of New York has decided to give a spring meeting and also to renew the Fleetwood and Morrisania stake races of $5000 each at the fall meeting. The Morrisania stake is for a 3.00 class and the Fleetwood for 2.25 class.

—"Plunger" Walton, since going into the hotel business in the East, has been vainly endeavoring to sell the last relic of his racing days, the famous stallion, imported Richmond. The equine is now at Captain Sam Brown's stable being used for stud purposes.

—The Washington Park Stakes, which closed January 15, filled well. The Quicksteb has 175 nominations; Lakeview Handicap, 150; Dearborn Handicap, 65; Maiden Stakes 84; Boulevard, 53, Oakwood Handicap, 96, and Great Western Handicap, 54.

—Frank Herdic, the poolseller, arrived in Philadelphia from Texas January 18th looking as jolly as usual, although he claims to have dropped $2500 by backing the runners at New Orleans. Frank says he left everything all right on his 1100 acre ranch in the Lone Star State.

—James O'Neill, of New York, who carries on the horseshoeing shop of the late Dan Mace, makes most of the shoes for the trotting horses that are shipped to foreign countries. When Mollie Wilkes was shipped eight dozen pairs of shoes went with her. They were made in Mr. O'Neill's shop.

—The noted stallion General Stanton, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam the Keefe mare, by One-eyed Kentucky Hunter, died on January 10 at Thorold, Canada, from blood poisoning. General Stanton was the sire of Fides, 2.22½; Nettie T., 2.22¼, and Geraldine, 2.28¼, and was owned by John Batten, of Thorold, at the time of his death.

—In the last twelve years the get of imp. Billett, Messrs. Clay & Woodford's stallion that died in Kentucky recently, started in 3061 races, of which they won 542 and $580 747.50. The best of Billet's get were Miss Woodford, Volturno, Runnymede, Barnes, Raceland, Sir Dixon, Belle of Runnymede, Burton, Elias Lawrence Belvidere, Blue Wing, Binnette, The Lioness. Rosalind Bengal, Ballston and Brookwood.

—The Pullman Car Company has been engaged to build a number of cars especially adapted for the transportation of horses from one point to another. These cars can be attached to express and other fast trains, avoiding the inconvenience and delay incident to freight trains now generally used in transporting horses. Each car will have room for sixteen horses; and will be fitted up with special regard for the comfort of the animals.

—D. Swigert, of the Elmendorf stud, has purchased of Crooker & McDonald, of New York city; on private terms, the bay colt Gaudeloupe, formerly Hayden Edwards, 4 years old, by Prince Charley, dam Nannie Bay, by Glenelg, and he will breed Triangle, the dam of Champagne Charley, Salini, the dam of Salvator, and other noted mares to him. Gaudeloupe was never started, owing to an accident, but he possessed a high private reputation. At a year old he sold for $1910, and he cost his new owner a considerable sum in excess of that amount.

—Glenelg heads the list of winning sires for 1888, sixty-two of his get having started 761 times, winning 121 races (110 times second) and $131.12. Glenelg headed the list in 1887, 1886 and 1884, while he was fifth in 1885. Last season his largest winners were Los Angeles and Firenzi, furnishing between them the sum $71,631, the former winning thirteen races out of twenty six starts and the sum of $36,075, and Firenzi thirteen races out of twenty two starts and $35,656.

—Sixty seven of the get of Longfellow, including one, Mystic, who is not registered, his alleged dam, Undine, never having been reported to the editor of the Stud Book, won 137 races in 1888 of the aggregate gross value of $118,381. The Bard, who was defeated but once in eight starts in 1888, and then by Firenzi in record time, himself pulling up lame, heads the list with not quite $20,000, and is followed by Hypocrite and Lavinia Bell, with a trifle over $10,000 each. Melodrama, a 3 year old, started 38 times, but won only 10 times and $2150.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, FEB. 7, 1889.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Mrs. John Smith, of this place, has been taken quite ill.

——A Lewistown paper cautions against the sugar beet agents now in that county.

——Teams with ice were frequent on the roads this week. The ice has a thickness of 6 to 7 inches.

——Commissioner John D. Decker advertises his sale, Feb. 26, in another column of the REPORTER.

——We are informed that the patent butter agents have scooped in several thousand dollars in this county.

——The Stonemill dam was never so lively with men getting out ice, as on Monday and Tuesday of this week.

——Mr. Bumiller has dropped lightning slinging and taken charge of the *Journal* again with the purpose of staying, no doubt.

——Application has been made for the incorporation of a new bank at Mifflinburg, to be called the "Farmers' Bank"—capital $50,000.

——Boro and township elections Feb. 19. The local offices are important and closely interest the citizens. Let good men be selected for these places.

——Corn chopped in the ear at the Centre Hall roller mills. Farmers can take their grist on return trip with very little delay, whether chop or flour.

——The other day William Keller, of Sandy Ridge, Centre county, had his face cut from the corner of his mouth almost to the ear by a kick from a horse.

——Snowshoe has a prettier post-office than any town of its size in the county, and besides has a young lady to attend it, Miss Sheets, who is both obliging and handsome.

——Centre Hall is getting to be one of the largest stations on our railroad for shipping prop timber. Teams are constantly on the road delivering the stuff for shipment.

——A clergyman out in Wichita, Kansas, has been asked to resign because his sermons are too long, and a clergyman in a neighboring town has been asked to resign because his sermons are too broad.

——There is sadness in the realms of royalty. The crown prince of Austria, the king of Annam and the sultan of Vitu has passed away within the last few days. There is no royal road to longevity.

——Emanuel Ettinger, the oldest resident of Aaronsburg, is quite ill. Mr. Ettinger had enjoyed remarkable good health all his lifetime, and has been active in attending to all his duties, up to his advanced age.

——The groundhog came out on Saturday—looked aside—saw his shadow—made a squeal—kicked up his heels—and popped into his hole. And because this is thus we are to have six weeks of cold weather yet.

——An American, after dining at a London restaurant, paid his bill and was about leaving, when the waiter suggested that the amount did not include the waiter. "Ah," said the man, "but I didn't eat the waiter.

——Wednesday morning we had the full benefit of the blizzard reported coming from the west the day before. The thermometer was 6 to 10 below zero, and a high wind blowing. The change in temperature began on Tuesday evening.

——Our townsman, D. F. Luse, went and got married without making any blow about it, and the first news of it spread by the blow, or serenade, of the band, at his residence, Tuesday night. The bride and groom have the congratulations of the REPORTER.

——A watch lost by a Snyder county farmer two years ago was found in the throat of one of his cows which choked to death the other morning. She had found it in a straw stack. Instead of that cow winding up the watch the watch wound up the keow.

——The ground hog saw his shadow on 2, and disgusted with his appearance he crept back into his hiding place again to snooze for six weeks, while the outside world will have six weeks of freezing weather. Well the ice-men will fell encouraged and pray that the critter will be a reliable prophet.

——Between 3 and 4 o'clock, on Monday afternoon, William Kline, a son of J. W. Kline, of Bellefonte, while walking on the track half a mile east of Conemaugh, was struck by empty engine 1149 and had his leg broken and was otherwise injured. He was taken to the Johnstown hospital where his injuries were attended to. He is a young man.

——The hand of the lumberman is marked along the once beautifull and shaded drive thro the mountain gap between this place and Bellefonte. The trees on both sides of the pike have been cut down exposing the road to the rays of the sun; it will no longer be a cool summer drive. A sawmill at the farther end of the gap has devoured the timber. 'Tis a pity the woodman could not spare those trees.

— Mifflin county has a "Honey Creek"—and that would be a sweet and delicious place for a bath, says the Centre Hall REPORTER. Editor Kurtz should come over and try it some morning when the mercury is at zero and see how sweet and delicious is would be, is the refreshing invitation of the Lewistown *Democrat & Sentinel*. We should like to inquire first whether there are trout in that stream—natural to suppose there'd be 'suckers."

——A. Luckenbach writes the REPORTER from Boone county, Nebraska:

We are having the nicest kind of weather out here in Nebraska; no snow, no blizzards, so far this winter. Roads are dusty, and warm sunshine nearly every day. We had beautiful weather since the middle of September; no rain of any account; to-day, ground-hog day is clear and pleasant, not a cloud to be seen yet at ten o'clock.

THE MURDER TRIAL.

The trial of Buranoski for the murder of Andrew Cassidy, near Phillipsburg, was taken up in court on Thursday, last. The following gentlemen composed the jury:

Joseph B. Miller, who is a farmer of Spring township.

Ira Marshall, a Benner township farmer.

Jesse Fredericks, a carpenter living in Unionville.

Cornelius Stover, a teacher living in Miles township.

W. A. Kerr, a Potter township farmer.

John Kuhns, of College township, also a farmer.

M. S. Graham, a barber living in Bellefonte.

Robert Meek, a Ferguson township farmer.

Ira Packer, a saddler, living in Howard.

John Sheffler, a laborer, of Benner township.

Samuel F. Kline, a merchant of Howard.

Joseph Strouse, a farmer of College township.

C. P. Hewes opened the case in an able manner to the jury,

The evidence on the part of the commonwealth was strongly against the prisoner.

The Hungarians who were witnesses for the accused swore the shooting was accidental and left that impression with a large portion of the audience before the jury went out. The jury went out on Saturday afternoon at about 3 p. m. and returned about 5 p. m. with a verdict of "not guilty," which seemed to be received with general satisfaction.

The case, on both sides, was entirely conducted by the young members of the bar, who acquitted themselves creditably and showed that we have a crop of legal talent coming on to fall back upon when the older ones have dropped out and have their eulogies pronounced by Gov. Curtin who will most likely be spared many years yet, for that agreeable purpose, by Providence.

The case on side of Commonwealth was represented by Dist. At Meyers and C. P. Hewes. For the prisoner were lawyers E. R. Chambers, W. F. Reeder and W. E. Gray.

THE SENTENCES.

John S. Bagley, the man who was found guilty of assault with intent to kill was sentenced, on Monday, on only one indictment. The sentence was confinement for five years and six months in the Western penitentiary. The other indictment will be held over him. If he returns to the county and conducts himself properly it will never be called up; if not, he can be sentenced on the other indictment.

The negro who stole coats from a party of hunters, was sentenced to one year and fifteen days imprisonment in the penitentiary.

The Hungarians were fined $50 each for furnishing whiskey.

GRANGE MEETING.

The Co. Grange held their regular meeting in this place on Tuesday, and was attended by some of their best men as delegates. Isaac Frain, master of the Co. Grange, is a solid, practical farmer, a gentleman of sound and liberal views, and not a one-idea crank, and is a ready talker. James Gilliland, of Oak Hall, is the secretary, and a more efficient one would be hard to find. The organization is thus well manned and with some solid farmer material as standbys the order no doubt will show a creditable minute sheet of its proceedings with the good of the order and not mere personal ends the aim of the sincere granger.

BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY.

At a meeting of the board of trustees, in Philadelphia last evening, William C. Gretzinger was elected business manager is a member of the senior class, and has natural business qualities which will enable him to fill this position satisfactorily. His duties begin on the 1st of July proximate.

COLIC IN HORSES.

For colic in horses take one teaspoonful of the salt of tartar to one pint of water; shake well, and drench the animal with it, and if not relieved in one half hour, repeat the dose; but you generally will not have to repeat the dose.

FALL AND WINTER.

Get a new suit and overcoat from Montgomery & Co., Tailors, Bellefonte. They are so much cheaper than ready made clothing. They have also a full stock of Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, and Gentlemen's Furnishings.

MONTGOMERY & Co., Tailors,
Bellefonte.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

——Rochester Clothing House, Bellefonte, for fine clothing.

——If you wish to be well dressed in latest styles, go to Fleming, Bellefonte.

—— For a fine and cheap winter suit go to Fleming, the fashionable tailor, Bellefonte.

——A cold wave set in on Tuesday evening, and the groundhog still holds ite own.

——If you wish a dress suit give Fleming, the tailor, your order and you will not regret it.

——Ready-made clothing of every description and quality at the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte.

——Mrs. Emanuel Smith, near Farmers Mills, will make sale of her house hold goods Feb. 16.

——Fleming, the fashionable tailor, Bellefonte, has gained quite a reputation for cheap and well made suits.

— Fleming, the fashionable tailor Bellefonte, makes the cheapest and best fitting suits in the county.

——How can petty cases be kept out of court? is a question that might be profitably thought over and acted upon.

——Fauble keeps the finest stock of ready made clothing in the county and cannot be undersold by any competitor.

——Novels by Scott, Goldsmith, Verne, Haggard, Duchess, Dora Thorne, Hugh Conway etc., on sale at Murray's Drug store.

——Mrs. James Smetzler has purchased the new house and lot, near the station, which Hiram Durst recently purchased of Jacb Lee. Price $1000.

——Fauble's line for eady made clothing is complete in every particular, and cannot be beat by any dealer in the county.

COKE OVENS IDLE.

All the cokeovens in the Snowshoe region are idle and have been for nearly a year. These ovens were operated by the Lehigh company and a large number of men had employment many of whom have gone elsewhere while those remaining have little to do. There has also been a dullness in the soft coal and lumber operations in the Snowshoe region. This state of affairs has had a depressing effect upon business out there, which is unusual as Snowshoe enjoyed great business prosperity for a number of years.

The idleness of the cokeovens is caused by the Connellsville coke syndicate which the Lehigh company at Snowshoe refused to join. As a punishment for this the Connellsville syndicate have put the price of coke down so low that Snowshoe could not compete and had to shut down her ovens. As an example: Connellsville coke is shipped to Bellefonte for less money, $1.25 per ton, than the Lehigh company can afford to put it there altho only some 20 miles to ship while Connellsville coke has to travel near 200 miles.

The Lehigh company will not start its ovens unless they get $1.50 for coke, and will abandon the field to the syndicate until the Connellsville coke trust gets tired of shipping their product to market at unprofitable figures, when the fires in the Snowshoe ovens will be lighted up again and bring a return of prosperity to that region.

The Lehigh company is rich and does not seem to care whether school keeps or not, and will let its treasure lie where it will not rot.

One advantage in favor of the Connellsville coke is its being of a better quality than that of Snowshoe, and can be produced at less cost than the latter.

POTTERS MILLS' MAIL ROUTE.

We understand there is very much dissatisfaction on the other side of the valley over the new mail schedule on the Potters Mills and Tusseyville route. The present schedule leaves the mail which arrives from the west lay over in this office about 24 hours, which is not desired by the people of that section, who would prefer the former schedule, under which the carrier did not leave this place until all the mails were in, and allowed no mail matter to lie over in this office.

FATHER ANSPACH ILL.

Rev. Anspach, the aged Lutheran minister at Mifflinburg, who recently became ill, is quite low and still sinking. He served the Mifflinburg charge over 53 years, and in his boyhood resided with his parents near the Stone mill in Potter township, and left this section when he became a minister of the Gospel, accepting a call from Mifflinburg.

EXTRA OFFER.

Any one sending us the names of three new subscribers with the cash for one year, will get a copy of the REPORTER one year free.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

——All the popular novels at Murray's

——See Fauble's stock before purchasing.

——Hanging is one of the lost arts in Centre county.

——Fall and winter stock of clothing at the Philad. Branch.

——S. K. Emerick, merchant at Scotia, was in town the other day.

——Rochester Clothing House, Bellefonte, for fine clothing.

——For cheap clothing go to the Rochester clothing house. Bellefonte.

——Uriah Osman living west of town will have sale on March 20th.

——Joshua Potter will sell farm stock on Tuesday March 19th.

——Go to Fauble's clothing house for a fine suit of clothing and save money

——It tried to snow on Tuesday but fizzled out again after pilling up an inch.

——Trusses and shoulder braces, popular makes and designs, at Murray's Drug Store.

——For a well fitting and well made suit, go to Fleming, the tailor, Bellefonte.

——Schon, ven you valk, took long steps, dot it vont wear oud so much shoes.

——Teams wanted to haul lumber and railroad ties, inquire of J. D. LESHER, Centre Hall.

——Fleming has a complete line of winter goods, which he offers very cheap and at a bargain.

——A full line of the latest popular novels on sale at Murray's drug store—sent to any address for 20 cts.

——John Smith, of Punxsutawny, is here visiting his wife and little daughter.

——Mr. W. W. Spangler, of Potter, popped in last week for a few moment's chat.

——Powers' immense stock of boots and shoes and low prices is what makes hings lively at their store at Bellefont

——A dollar saved is a dollar earned, which can be done by buying clothes from the Rochester Clothing House, Bellefonte.

——Mrs. Harper, who has her home with her son Simon Harper, in this place, is quite ill.

——Wm. Grossman intends going west and will have his sale adv. in next week's paper, for Mar. 26.

——See Fauble's stock before purchasing.

——Lewins employes none but the best workmen in his tailoring establishment at Bellefonte, and has the finest cutter in the state in his employ.

——The Philad. Branch has opened up its fall stock of clothing. An immense stock of fall and winter overcoats can be be found there for your inspection. They have overcoats in all styles, price and quality. Remember the Philad. Branch when in need of clothing.

——If you wish to be well dressed, get your clothing made by Fleming, the fashionable tailor, Bellefonte, who has a complete line of latest goods, and at cheapest prices.

——Powers' shoe store is having a big rush for boots and shoes at this season, and as usual are well prepared to meet it. They have an immense stock of new goods which embraces everything in the line of foot wear. Lumbermen's gums boots, and all kinds of boots for teamsters, and workmen, at lower prices than ever. Ladies' and gents' dress shoes and in fact anything you want to see in the line of boots and shoes at lowest prices, at Powers' shoe store, Bellefonte.

Advertisement.

A WAYWARD SON.

A duty that I shrink from tells me that I should at least deny an evil report circulated against myself and wife, which is untrue from begining to end. I am nearing on to eighty years of age and cannot better explain to my friends or foes the untruthfullness of this report than in the columns of the paper. I should not take so public a manner if the cause from which this report started had not already been in the courts. I have reference to my son James who is serving a term in the penitentiary for the crime of forgery. Owing to the fact that he plead guilty his evil course for the last few years was not made public and because of this want of knowledge, it was circulated against me, that I was to blame for his imprisonment. This rumor arises from the fact that some people want to know more about the domestic affairs of another, than they do about their own. As a parent, I should know more about the disposition, life and conduct of my children, at home, than a stranger, and should exercise my own best judgment, in training them. This I believe to be a parental right as well as a duty.

It is true, that a father might, where a young son was unduly influenced by another to commit a forgery, try to to save him, family and friends, from the disgrace of the penitentiary, when there is penitence on his part and a determination to start right again—which he lacked.

This son is about 40 years of age and has been married about 20 years, has 5 children a daughter and a son full grown, owns a farm near Pine Grove and a good property in Spring Mills in which they live. His wife's maiden name was Mary Ann Ross to whom some money descended, at her parent's death. I started my son in farming and gave to him about three thousand dollars or its equivalant. He and his wife were wanting money from me often and for reasons best known to myself I quit supplying them. The large brick house on the farm in which they were living, burnt down about day light, on which there was a heavy insurance and in it there was $750. in green-backs that had been paid in to my son about a week before for 80ths. Ross of Missouri, his wife's brother; they both declared that the money was burnt. The fire started on the garret, some of the family were up for some time; the full amount of insurance was paid, although strong suspicions were raised. My son not long after moved to Spring Mills and soon after began to have title to his property passed from him to his wife.

He obtained money through forgery and other illegal methods and property from others to the amount of three thousand dollars. He had other forged notes against me on which he did not succeed in getting the money. His son then took him to Bellefonte to escape for the West. He wrote to his wife a day or so after, directing her to go at once, take the judgment notes he had confessed to her, to their attorney and have them entered and execution issued and his personal property sold, which she did in a few days after. He landed at Beloit, Kansas, and remained there about a year, without my knowledge as to his whereabouts, although I used every plan and honorable means to hunt him up and get him home to his family and to fix his matters up, but did not succeed. He went at once into a respectable Baptist family, gave the father one thousand dollars of his ill gotten gains on his note and the balance deposited in bank. He changed his name to James Ross, although he had different other names while writing to his wife.

He soon entered into the confidence of this new home—led in family worship, acted devoutly all the while, took an active part in Sabbath school and church work and choir practice—he bought the farm, stock &c. of the man he lived with, and in about six months married a daughter of this gentleman, and in about six months after was arrested for bigamy, and settled the matter by surrendering the $1000 note, the money in bank, and all the farm stock, products &c., and a promise to leave the country, which he did. By reference to John A. Pinkerton, D. D., a presbyterian minister of Beloit, Kansas, or to the Courts of record there, the above can be more fully learned.

He returned to his falmily here and remained in close secrecy then, for over three months, no one learning the fact beyond suspicion; his wife knowing all this time what he had done in Kansas. He and wife both called at my place after night and promised to change their course, to pay off those forgeries &c. We entrusted them by good words to do so. But soon they showed no signs of penitence and he was taken away again in secrecy and remained away 2 years within a few days. His wife soon after his departure made application for a divorce and asked the court to permit her to carry on her own business. He landed again in Kansas and wrote several letters under new names and from different points in the West, to me and his brothers. I sent for him again but was unsuccessfull in finding him. He returned purposely in time to prevent the granting of a divorce, went at once to his home and remained there, until his arrest, six months or more after his return.

During this time he made no effort to arrange his matters, but when his creditors called on him he said he could do nothing that his wife owned all. He never called to see me this time. He was entrusted by myself and friends time and again to save himself from the penitentiary, but he would not take the advice of his best friend. He was willing to risk all, thinking his friends would back him in it. He, as well as some of the other children, would not listen to parental advice, but would leave home, have their own way where they thought they could live faster and better and their own rod is whipping them They had unwise counsellors, and they too will have their reward in due season.

He was only 18 when married. I could write more than my pen or heart would be justified in doing. The character of his letters that were handed over to me by others would do the public no good and only cause shame. His wife called to the jail to give him the only crumb of comfort she had left for him about as he was taken away to the penitentiary, which was, that he could not easier pay the amount of ill gotten gains than to serve his term in separate and solitary confinement at hard labor, and that it was my fault that he was sent there. He plead guilty and the court sentenced him. Truly "The way of the transgressor is hard." "Though hand join hand the wicked shall not go unpunished." What can I do against the judgements of an impartial God? If I have done wrong, God shall be my judge.

GEORGE KRAPE.

SPRING MILLS.

Miss Rebecca Grove has returned from an extended visit to Lock Haven, New York, and other places.

Miss Hannah Foster, of Mifflinburg, is a guest of Dr. VanValzah's.

Mr. Wellington Yearick, of Madisonburg, has entered Grenoble's store as clerk.

Mr. John Wilson, of Tyrone, spent a few days at Dr. VanValzah's last week.

Feb. 11 our convention here will begin. A large class of singers is expected.

C. P. Long moved into the house vacated by G. R. Spigelmyer,

C. A. Krape will move into Mr. Wm. Rearick's house next spring, and J. E. Johnson into Mr. Jas. McClintic's.

Mr. Wm. Pealer was to Bellefonte last week. He was on the Grand Jury, and foreman of it.

POTTERS MILLS.

White Caps have made their appearance in this vicinity.

The other night while Steward Long was on his way home he was stopped by a White Cap that said he was going to kill him then drew a club, this started Steward on a run but before he got far he was stopped again, this time the White Cap produced a rope and was going to hang him and almost scared the boy into fits, he started to run and all the White Caps after him and followed him to his door. Steward now carries a revolver and says it will not be good for the White Caps to try it again.

Those that are on the sick list are S. Strong, Martha Strong, Mrs. Catharine Alexander, Agnes Shirk, John Shirk and Blanche Palmer, all are getting along well under the treatment of Dr. L. C. Thomas.

W. H. Fultz while cutting ice, for T. F. Royer, fell into the water and would likely had drowned if help had not been at hand. W. A. is now a dunkard.

MARRIED.

Feb. 4 at Centre Hall by Rev. W. E. Fischer, D. F. Luse, Centre Hall and Mattie E. Gramley of Rebersburg, Pa,

On the 3d inst. at the Evangelical parsonage, Millheim, by Rev. W. H. Stover, George C. Auman, and Cora E. Shreckengast, both of Brush valley.

——This is Thursday and the blizzard still howling and cold intense.

——The blizzard is making itself felt all over the country.

——Mrs. Adam Bair, of Miles township, died on Wednesday, of last week, aged 74 years.

——The eastern wheat market continues depressed with prices a little lower than last week—92 to 94.

LETTER FROM RABBIT HILL.

Dear Kernel and Editor:

About the ferst of March Kleeveland will move of ov Uncle Sam's farm, an he will put a new tenant on it. Before a grate wile things will look horrible on the place. Fences down, brush agrowing all around, the pale fence about the house used fer kinling and things in perticular look ragged an out-o-fix.

I got an invitation to help Harrison move into the wite hous. He wants me to akt as hosler and help the wemen do the kooken. I ges I wont go. If Ben Harrison takes me to be a darky then he is fooled. There's gen. Hastins of Bellefonte, he I am told is to be boss of the shanty, an as both of us were born in the same kounty the difference will be to grate to have him riden at the hed of the persession on the street an Mulberry in the stable and with the wemen about the kitshen, grinden koffy on the back porch. Not a bit ov it! Wen it comes to voten then the feilers hang aroun an say, "Mulberry, yer a capitel feller, an not many like yer. Were all rulers an law makers. You hardfisted farmers am the salt of airth, an if et wer not fer such as you wat ed become of the kountry." Then when the lections over they dont keer wats become of us, but they take blame good keer to get to the hed of the persed and goble the ofices. I like merlassy kandy but kin buy me own, an the chap that koms aroun with tafy will have his seat punched into a pepper box with my ole shotgun.

Poletics are very quiet now on rabbit hill. The republicans by spells take to teesen the demmykrats, but the demmykrats hev got wel enuf agin to helf thersselves. The other nite ther was a party aroun to Billy Chuengums an Dan Swallertale an Sam Flintlok war ther. Soon ole Chuengum began a blakgarden Flintlok bout the lection an axed em ef he were soon agoing up salt river. Yas, ses old Flintlok, I'd went up salt river long ago ef some of these republicans wat owes me wud pay me so I cud buy me ticket. Et just happined that ole Billy owed ole Dan leven dollars an the punch kum in as sweet on Billy as a sting from a yeller jacket. At least Billy got kinder sic on the stomic, an he tok fer hum as not feelen wel. Billy is mity gud stuf an ef nobody goes up salt river until all hes bills ar pade then the salt river rout wil fal out of rekerlection.

I am a pore man but pon me sole I'd sooner run barefoote then put on as much stile as sum fellers who dont pa ther hones det's. It sems ter me wen a feller pas his hones dets hes on the rite rode to Kanan.

Wil rite you agin.

MULBERRY.

OH, YES!

Oh, yes! J. N. Leitzel, of Spring Mills is now ready to enter the campaign of crying public sales. He does it No. 1, and always renders best of satisfaction. Oh yes! oh yes!

COME AND SETTLE.

All persons indebted to the firm of Grove & Wolf, are requested to call within a reasonable time from this date and make settlement, as the firm intends to wind up its business. Books will be found with Wm. Wolf, at Centre Hall.

24jan 3t. GROVE & WOLF.

FOR RENT.—Having leased the Witmer homestead for the year, the one half of same is offered for rent, from April 1st, 1889. CHAS. EMERICK, Centre Hall.

SALE, FERUARY 23.

REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.—WILL be offered at public sale at Spring Mills,

)—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23.—(

the following real estate belonging to Peter Wilson, dec'd,

)—TWO TRACTS OF LAND—(

The first bounded by lands of R. H. Duncan, Geo. Korman's est., Daniel Runkle, F. H. VanValzah, and others, containing

(—)—THREE ACRES—(—)

and 100 perches. The other bounded by lands of David Burrell, Philip Shook, Adam Grenoble, and others, containing ONE ACRE and 74 perches.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock p. m.

JOHN F. WILSON,
Surviving Executor.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1889.

PUBLIC SALE.—IN DECKER VALLEY 3 miles south east of Potters Mills, Tuesday, Feb. 26. 2 Percheron mares, weight 1300, blooded and with foal, also 1 driving mare, 3 yearling colts two of them Woodlawns, 5 cows, 2 fresh and 2 springers, one Holstein heifer, springer; 7 head young cattle, 3 fine breeding sows, will drop pigs first week in March; 1 large seed hog, 6 shoats, four good sheep, 2 two horse lumber sleds, 1 one horse sled, threshing machine, shaker, power and strap, one new Ohio drill, one buggy, harrow, plow, cultivators, one spring-wagon, 1 set of tug harness, one buggy harness, 2 fly nets, horse collars, one double rifle, one sausage cutter with balance wheel, sausage stuffer, meat and lard by the pound, apple butter by the gallon, 6 bbl. of vinegar, potatoes by the bushel, log chains, dig iron, one splendid deer dog, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at ten o'clock, a. m. A reasonable credit will be given.

Jas. N. Leitzel, JOHN D. DECKER,
Auctioneer.

ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO

Office of The Farmers' Mutual Fire Ins. Co of Centre County, Pa.

CENTRE HALL, PA., JANUARY 14, 1889.—In compliance with the provisions of their charter the Thirty-First Annual Statement of the transactions of the Company is hereby presented.

ASSETS.

Bills receivable, being premium notes due and payable by members for insurance the past year		$ 27,089.61
Cash premiums		1,345.23
Tax		3,155.67
Cash in treasury		769.57
Making the total available assets of the past year		32,356.68

EXPENSES.

Compensation of directors	$ 140.30	
Salary of Secretary	125.00	
Salary of Treasurer	50.00	
Printing, office rent, postage and stationary	150.91	
Election board	4.00	
State Ins. Report	5.00	
Orvis & Bower services	50.00	
Wm. McFarlane balance on loss	475.91	
Wm McFarlane balance on interest	7.13	
Kauffman & Co. balance on loss	405.85	
G. R. Meiss loss on goods and building	328.49	
Mrs. Archey loss on barn	130.00	
Wm. Bradford loss on furniture	25.49	
Michael Ulrick loss	8.50	
H. D. Van Pelt note and interest	406.20	
J. H. Musser note	223.24	
Witness fees	8.53	
J. G. Baily note	400 00	
Interest same	55.00	
J. W. Whiteman note	238.50	
Interest same	8.50	
Em'l Ettinger interest	75 00	
Total assets and funds of the company the past year less expenses		29,044.83
To which add notes of 1881, '5, '6, and '7,		21,927.61
Amounting to		110,971.44
Minus cancelations		4,29.54
Leaving available assets in force this day		106,671.90
Insurances taken the past year	318,113.33	
To which add insurances of 1884, '5, '5, and '7, with cancelations deducted	985,135.22	
Making risks and insurances in force this day		1,303,248.55

LIABILITIES.

Kate and Maggie Alexander	165.44	
F. L. Weaver	54.56	
C. W. Hosterman	84.00	
G. R. Meiss	43.81	
Borrowed money	1250.00	
Total amount of liabilities		1,597.81
Amount outstanding		1,248.71

At a meeting held the same day the following directors were chosen for the ensuing year: J. B. Fisher, Jacob Bottorf, Fred Kurtz, Samuel Slack, S. J. Herring, Daniel Brumgart, Samuel Gramley, Wm. McFarland, H. C. Campbell, J. G. Baily, H. E. Duck, John H. Musser.

The board thereupon organized by electing the follswing officers:

President, Fred Kurtz,
Vice President, S. J. Herring
Treasurer, Wm. Wolf,
Secretary, D. F. Luse.

Attest: FRED KURTZ,
President.
D. F. LUSE,
Secretary.

GRAIN.

REPORTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

Prices subject to fluctuations of market.

Wheat, red	$ 95	Oats new	$ 28
Wheat, white	99	Rye	50
Corn	42	Barley, No. 1	45

FLOUR AND FEED.

Fancy Pat. Flour	1 55	Bran per ton	20 00
Best Roller Flour	$ 1 60	Bran, retail, cwt.	1 10
2d Best Roll'r Flour	1 30	Middlings retail	1 20
Middlings per ton	22 00	Chop retail	1 30

FRIDAY, MARCH 15.

PUBLIC SALE.—WILL BE SOLD AT RESIdence of the undersigned at Farmers Mills, on Friday, March 15, at 10 o'clock, the following property, 3 good work horses, one with foal, 4 good milch cows, all about fresh, 1 roan bull 2 years old, 3 head of young cattle, 17 head of sheep, 2 2 horse wagons, one as good as new, 1 good sled, 1 horse hay rake, Excelsior reaper and mower, threshing machine, shaker, strap and horse power, hay fork, rope and pulleys, fanning mill, 2 plows, harrow, 2 cultivators, corn planter, corn scraper, set good tug harness, 4 flynets, lot of horse gears, lot of forks and rakes, grind stone, iron kettle, scalding trough, and numerous other articles. JACOB NEESE.

D. H. Ruhl, auctioneer.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Jacob Royer, deceased, late of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

W. J. THOMPSON,
Administrator,
jan3t6t Potters Mills, Pa.

HIDES WANTED.

At the Centre Hall tannery.

Oil, plastering hair, lace, kip, upper, harness, sole and a general stock of leather for sale. Hides tanned on shares. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Call or address,
20 dec. tf. J. S. ROWE.

McCORMICK BROS, | McCORMICK BROS

CENTRE HALL, | PA.
CENTRE HALL, | PA.

—DEALERS IN ALL KINDS—

-:- FURNITURE -:-

Bed Room Suits, Parlor Suits,
Side Boards, Lounges, Tables,
Bedsteads, Wood and Cane-Seat Chairs

Undertaking a Specialty.

Bargains! :-: New Goods!

We are now prepared to have the public call at our store and inspect our new line of goods. They were selected with the greatest care and embrace an endless variety of new designs and patterns worn during the Fall and Winter seasons.

Our line of Fancy Plads, Tricots, Fall Prints, and All-Wool Suiting, are fine, and will please our early customers, and are selling rapidly. Woolen Blankets, Haps, Quilts, and many other goods.

SPECIAL BARGAINS !----O----SPECIAL BARGAINS

Come and see the special bargains we are offering in Cashmeres; prices lower than ever. Our stock of Ready-Made Clothing, Overcoats, Gossamers, Gum Coats, is complete and will speak for themselves. Come and see the new goods at

Harper & Kreamer's.